National Anthems

AND

Battle Marches

OF THE

Nations

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ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE NET CASH

J. H. LARWAY, (PROPRIETORS: EDWIN ASHDOWN LTD.) 19, Hanover Square, London, W.1

MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND

National Anthems and Battle Marches of the Nations

FRANCE.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory;
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With warring hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Oh, liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having watched thy flame awake?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee,
Or taunts thy noble spirit break?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
The cruel dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms, etc.

RUSSIA.

GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE!

God the all-terrible! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, the lightnings Thy sword;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the Omnipotent! Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Doom us not now in the hour of danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

BELGIUM.

LA BRABANÇONNE.

The days of bondage we have known,
And the fetters still press on our heart,
But for the love of land and throne
Still we bravely play our part;
Fight that all the world may see
Ours shall be the victory!
Onward then—our watchwords be
King and Law and Liberty!

Through days of sunshine we shall roam,
When the foeman we drive from our land;
Ours again shall be the home,
And the temple they have banned—
Ours again the power and pride
Of a nation sanctified!
Onward then, etc.

JAPAN.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Great is he—our Emperor!
Blest are we—his children who know and love him;
Great is he—mighty on every hand;
Blest are we—through him who rules our glorious land.

SCOTLAND.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Now there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
We'll drain the stoup to friendship's growth
For auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, etc.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED!

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
Now's the day an' now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
Chains and slaverie!

Wha would be a traitor knave?
Wha would fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn an' flee!
Wha, for Scotland's king an' law,
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,
Freeman stand, and freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me!

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers, an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw;
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh it's ower the Border awa', awa',
It's ower the Border awa', awa',
We'll on an' we'll march to Carlisle Ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

IRELAND.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

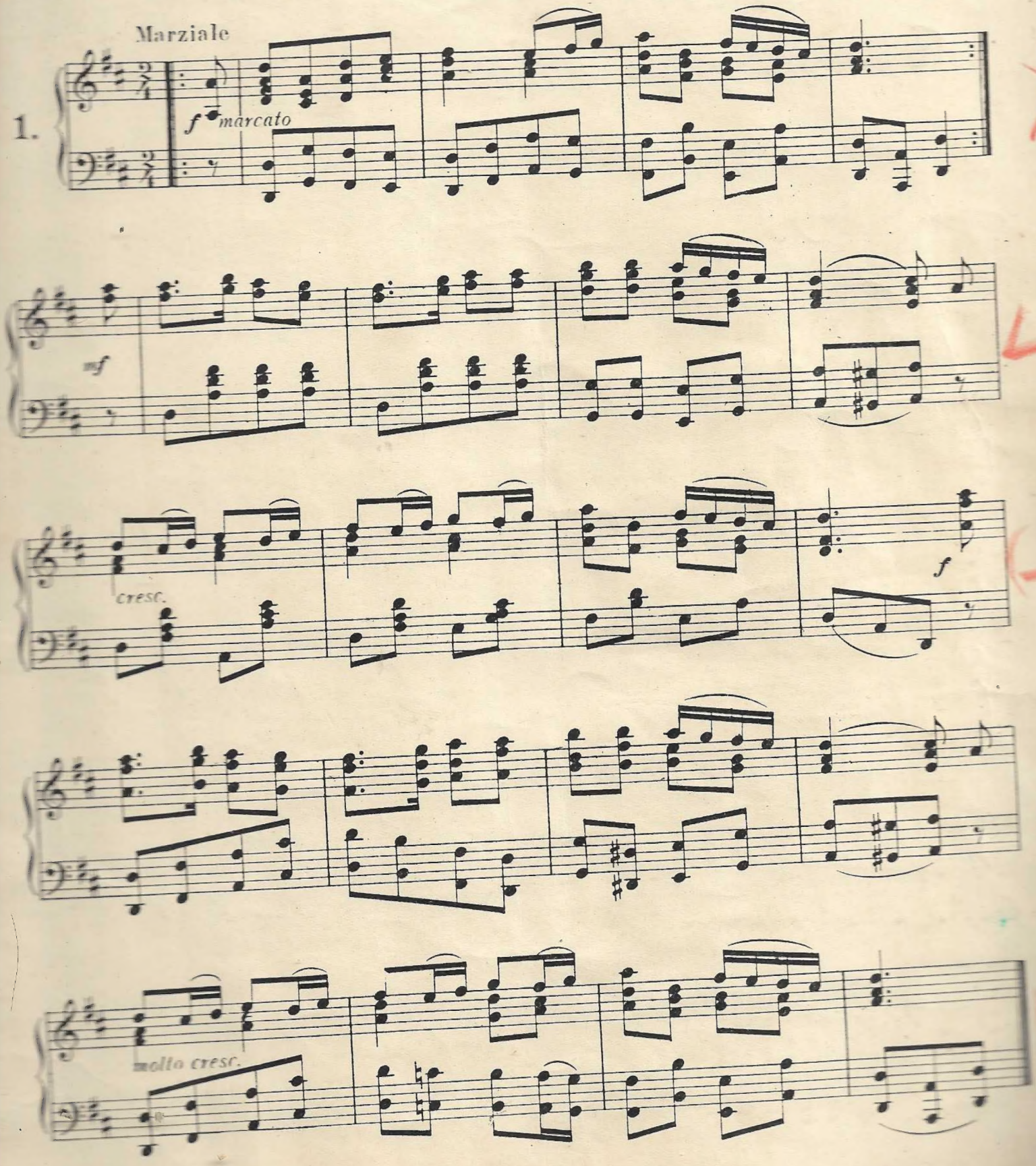
Oh! blest be the days when the green banner floated
Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail;
When her sons, to her glory and freedom devoted,
Defied the invader to tread her soil:
When back o'er the main
They chased the Dane,
And gave to religion and learning their spoil;
When valour and mind
Together combined—
But wherefore lament o'er those glories departed?
Her star will yet shine with as vivid a ray!
For ne'er had she children more brave or true-hearted
Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day.

J. H. LARWAY, (PROPRIETORS: EDWIN ASHDOWN LTD.) 19, Hanover Square, London, W.1

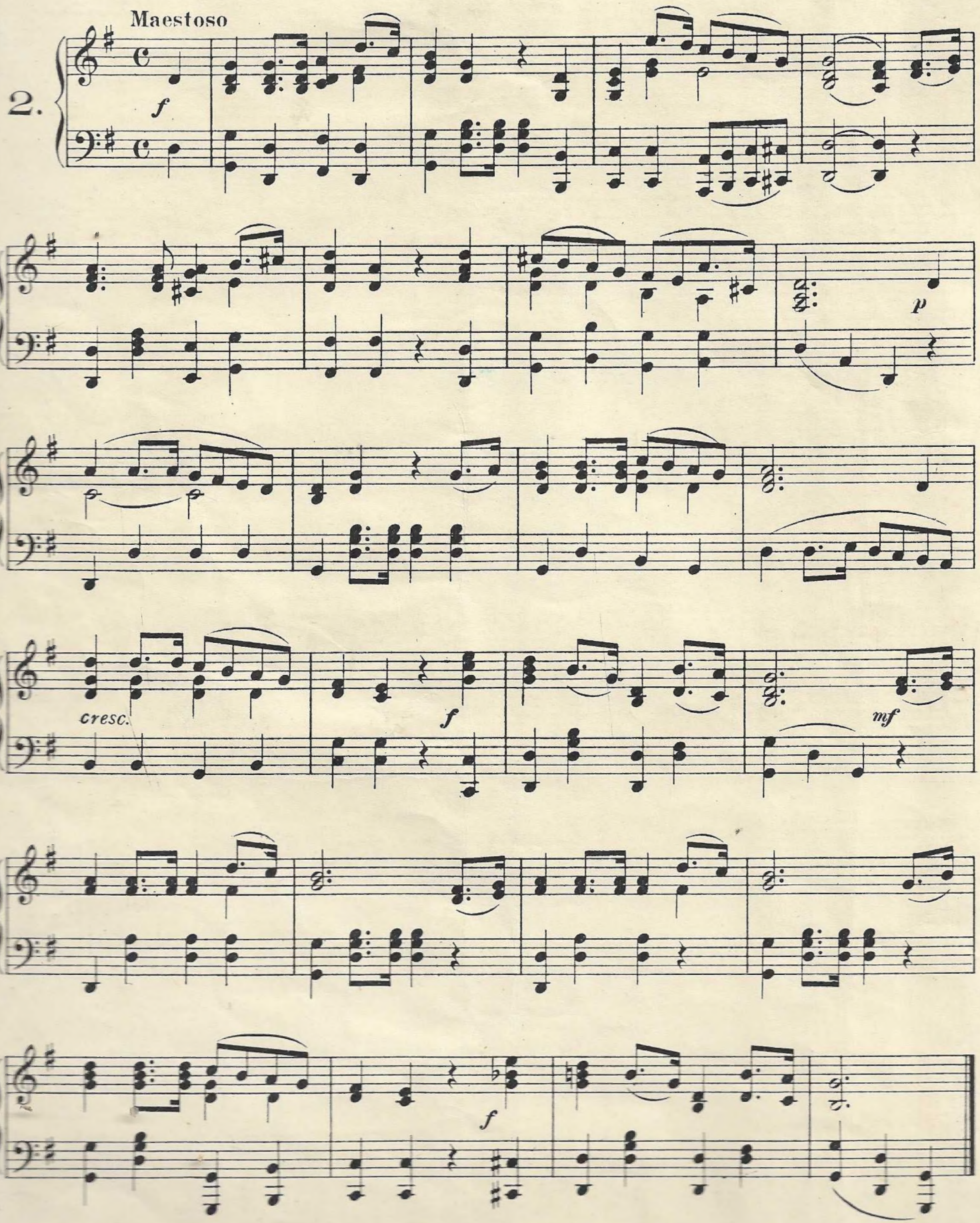
Price 1/6 net cash

England.

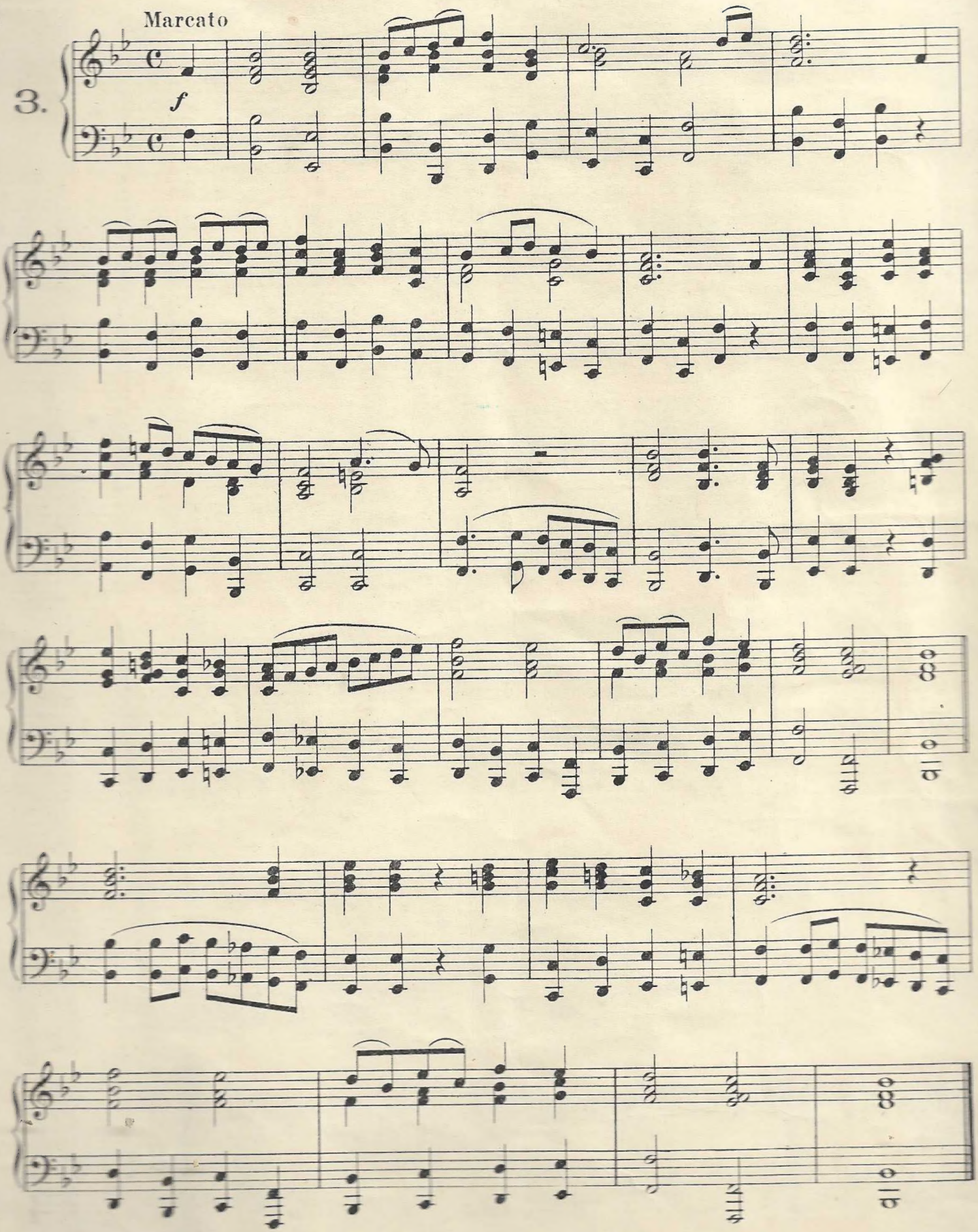
The British Grenadiers.



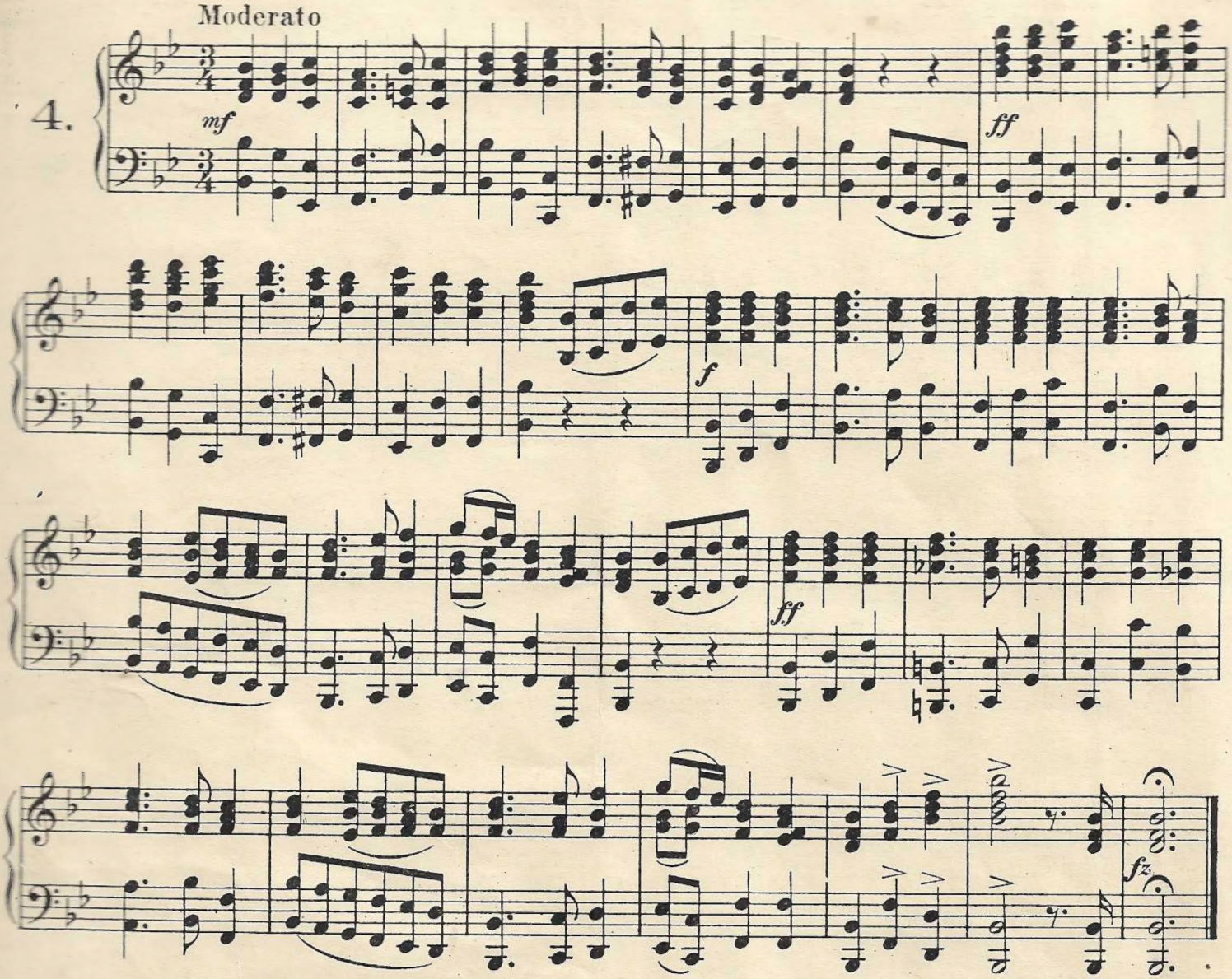
Britannia the Pride of the Ocean, or The Red White and Blue.



Rule Britannia.

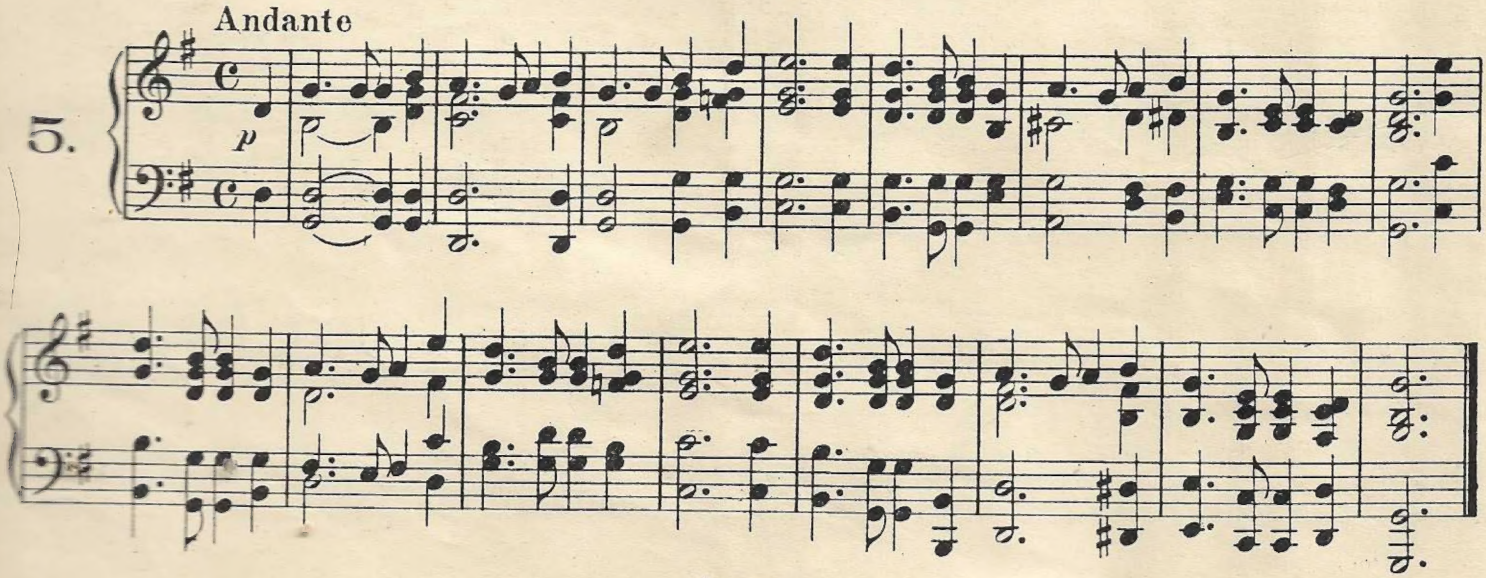


God Save the King.



Scotland.

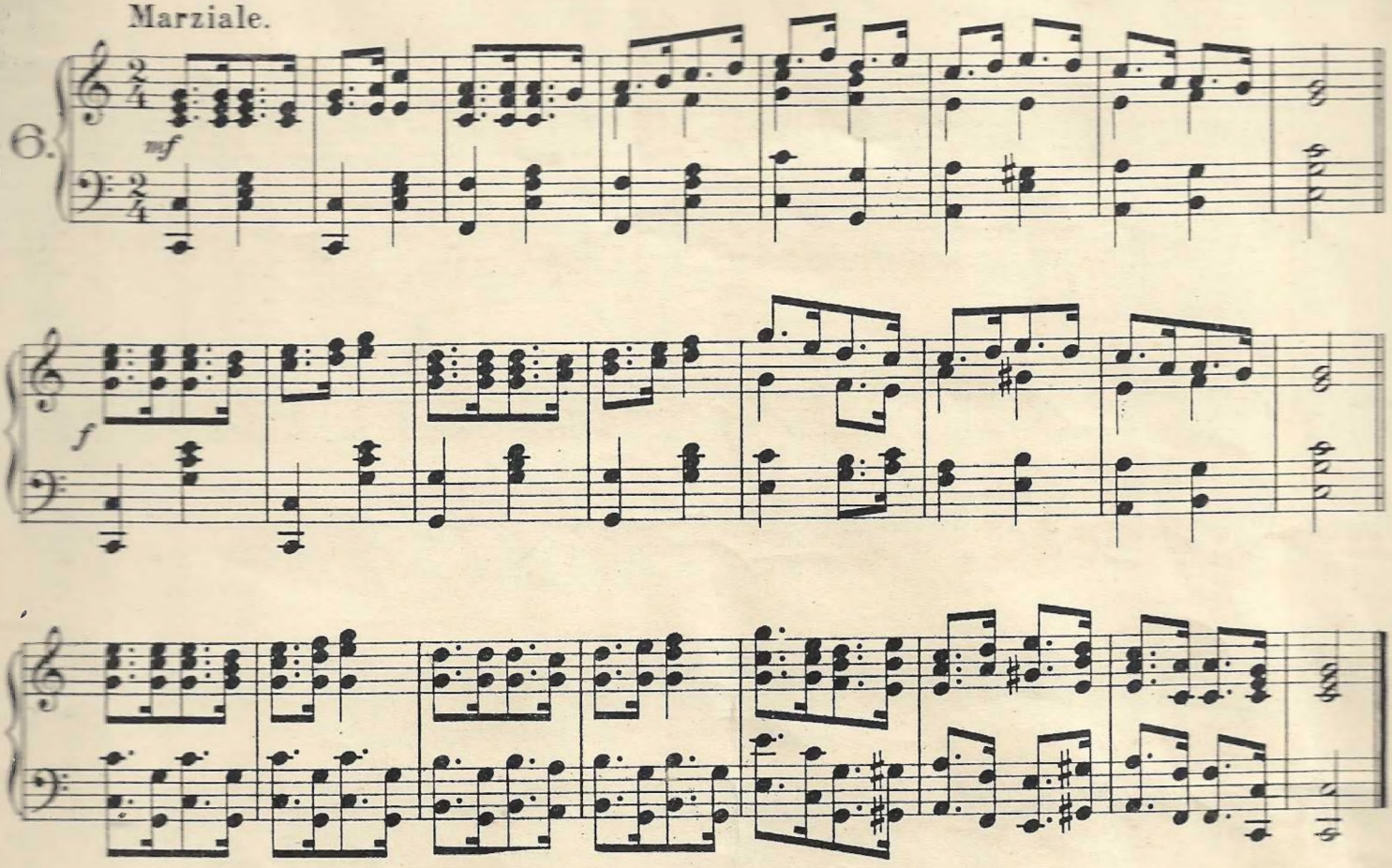
Auld Lang Syne.



Scots wha hae.

Marziale.

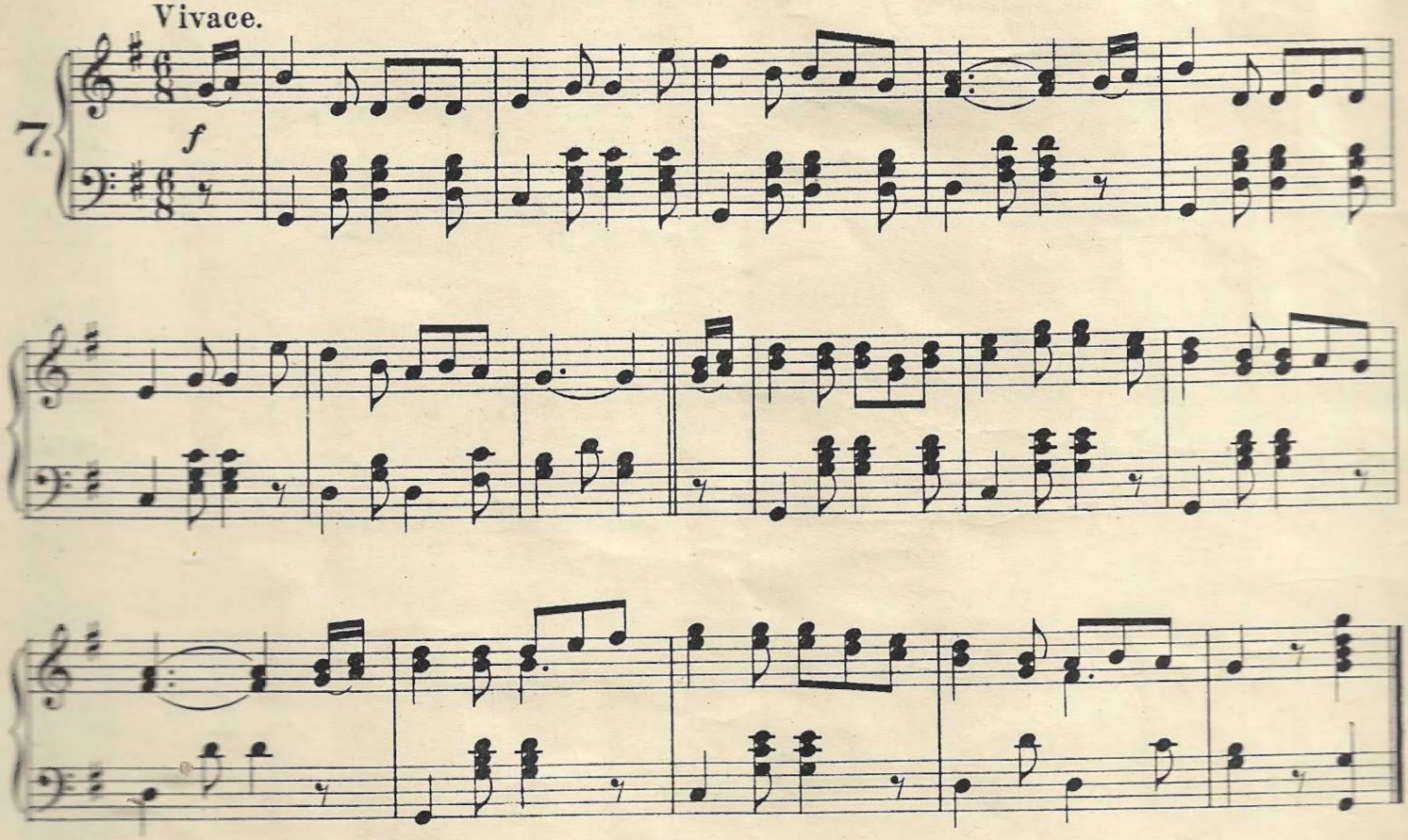
6.



Wi' a Hundred Pipers.

Vivace.

7.

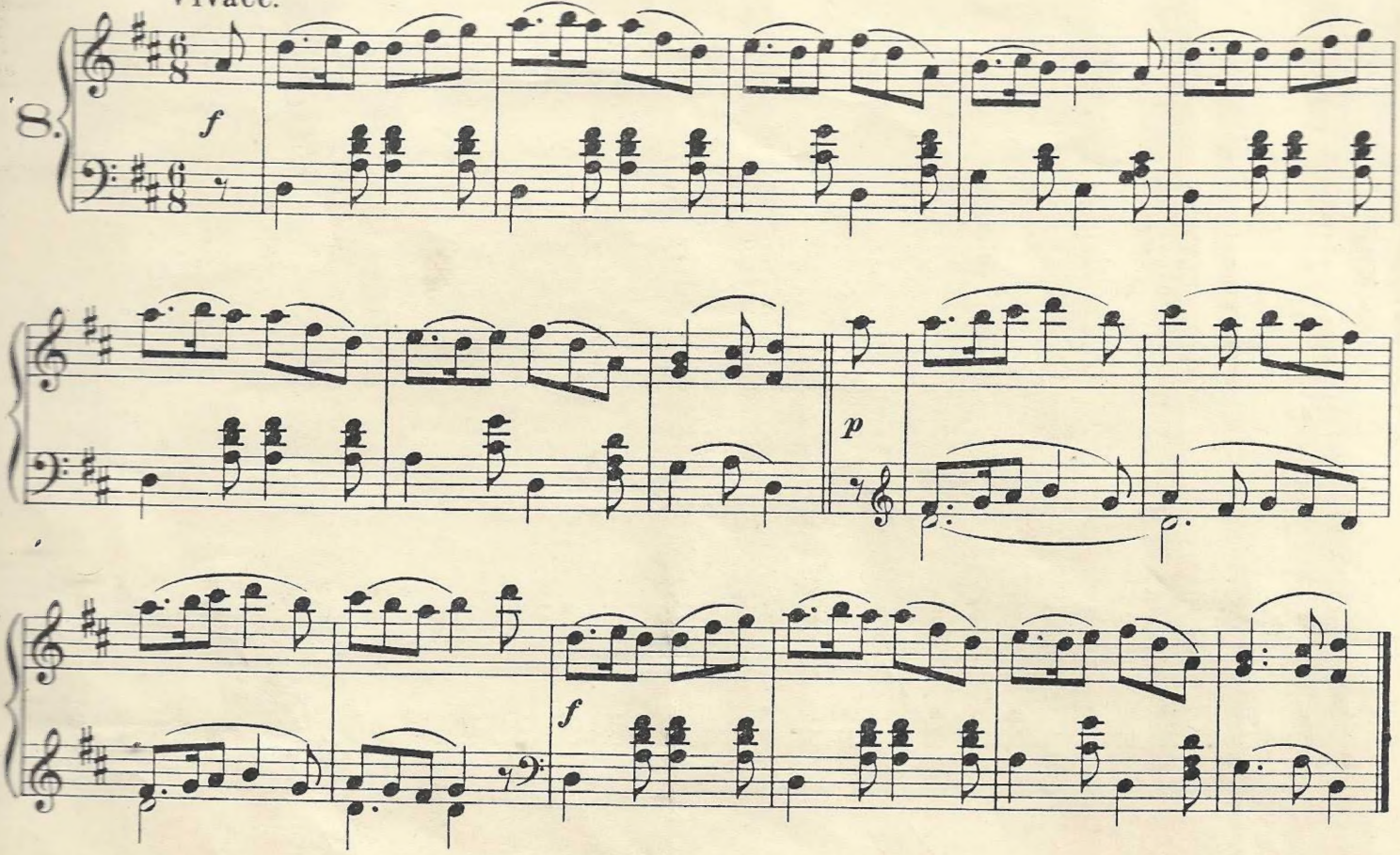


Ireland.

St. Patrick's Day.

Vivace.

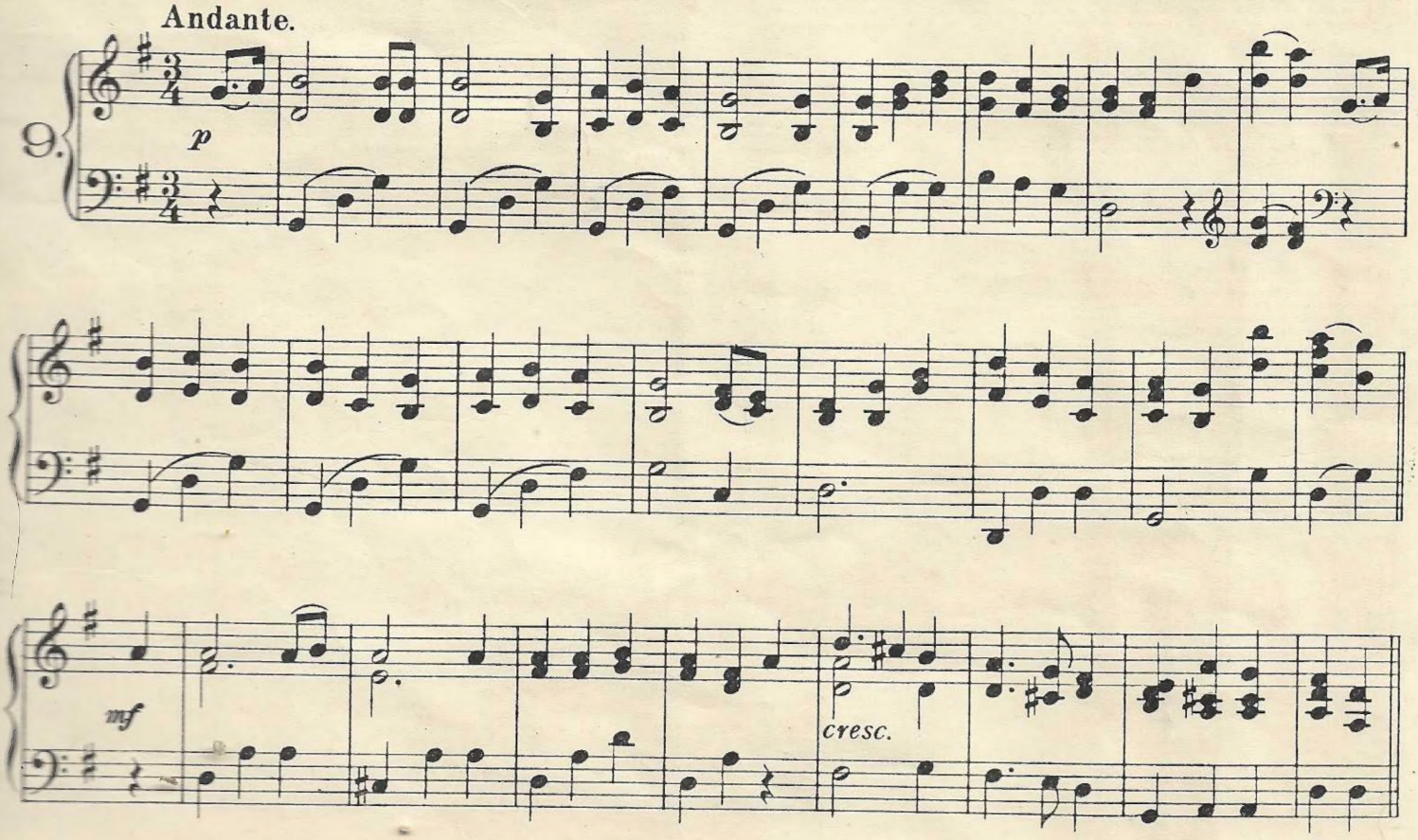
8.

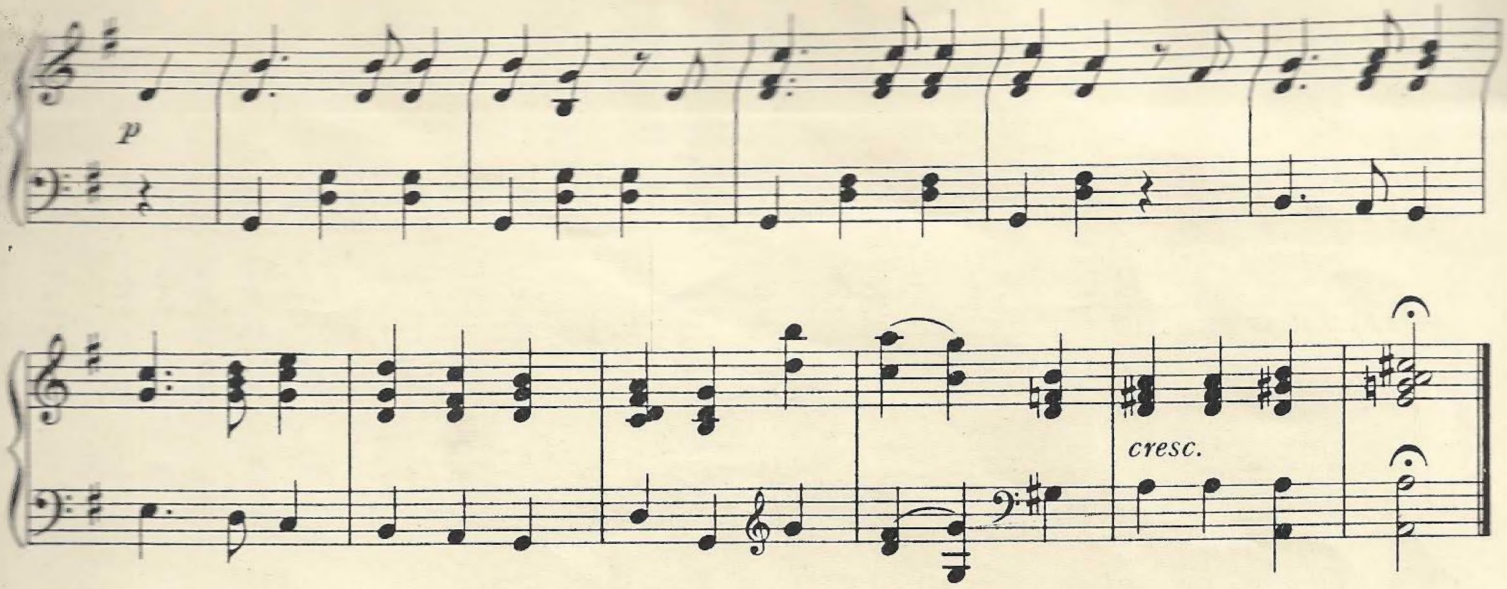


The Dear little Shamrock.

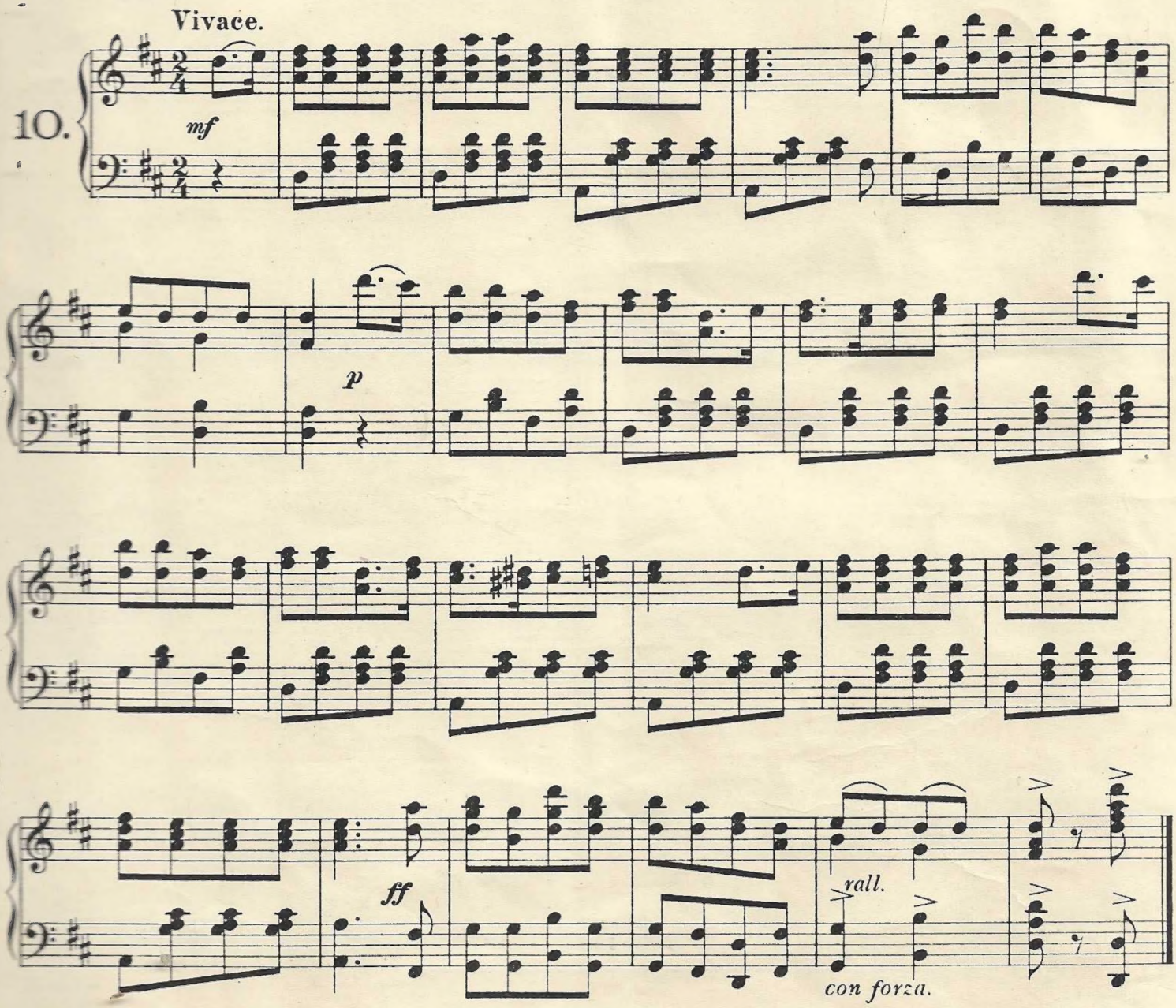
Andante.

9.



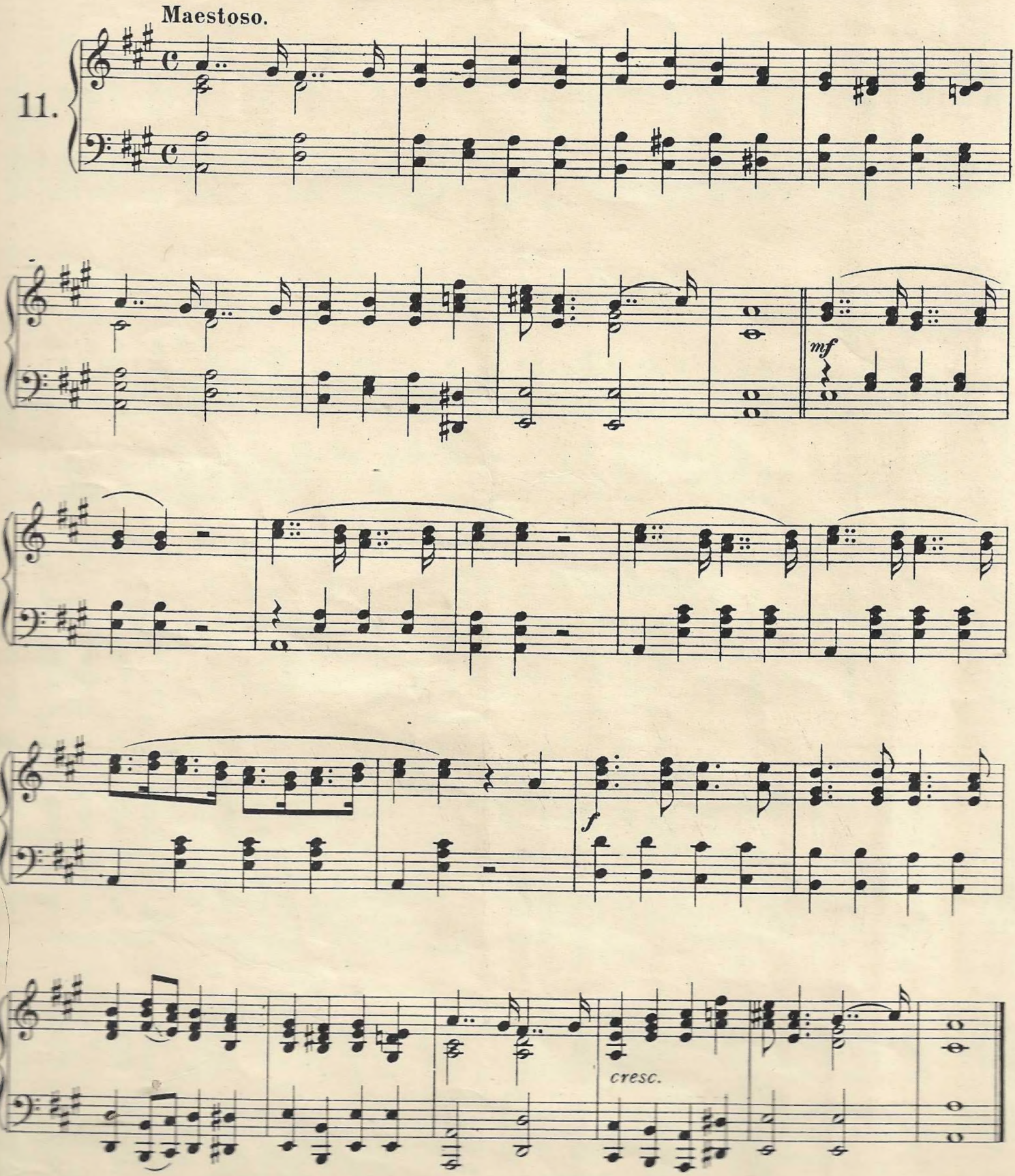


Wearin' o' the Green.

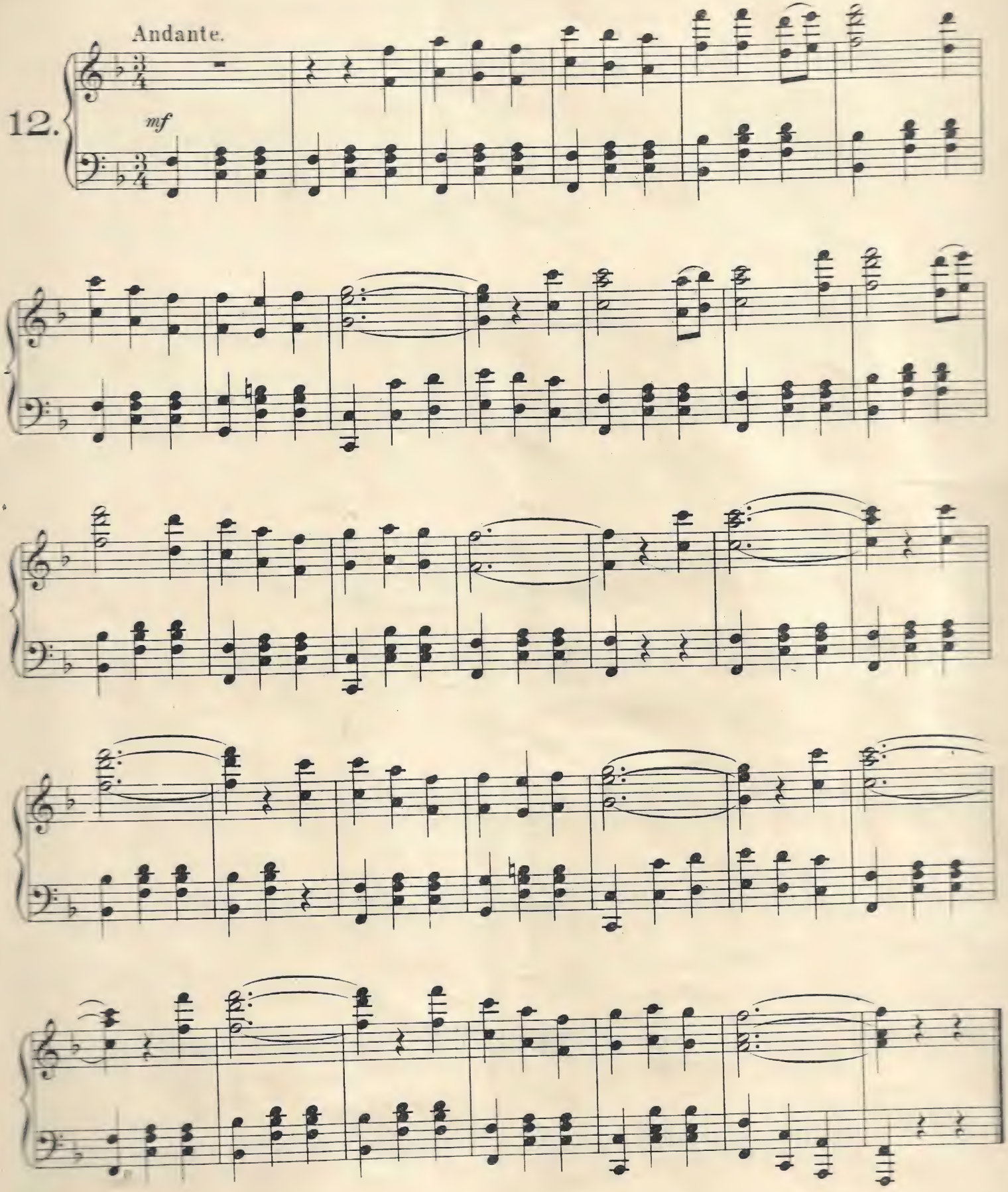


Wales.

March of the Men of Harlech.



Land of my Fathers.



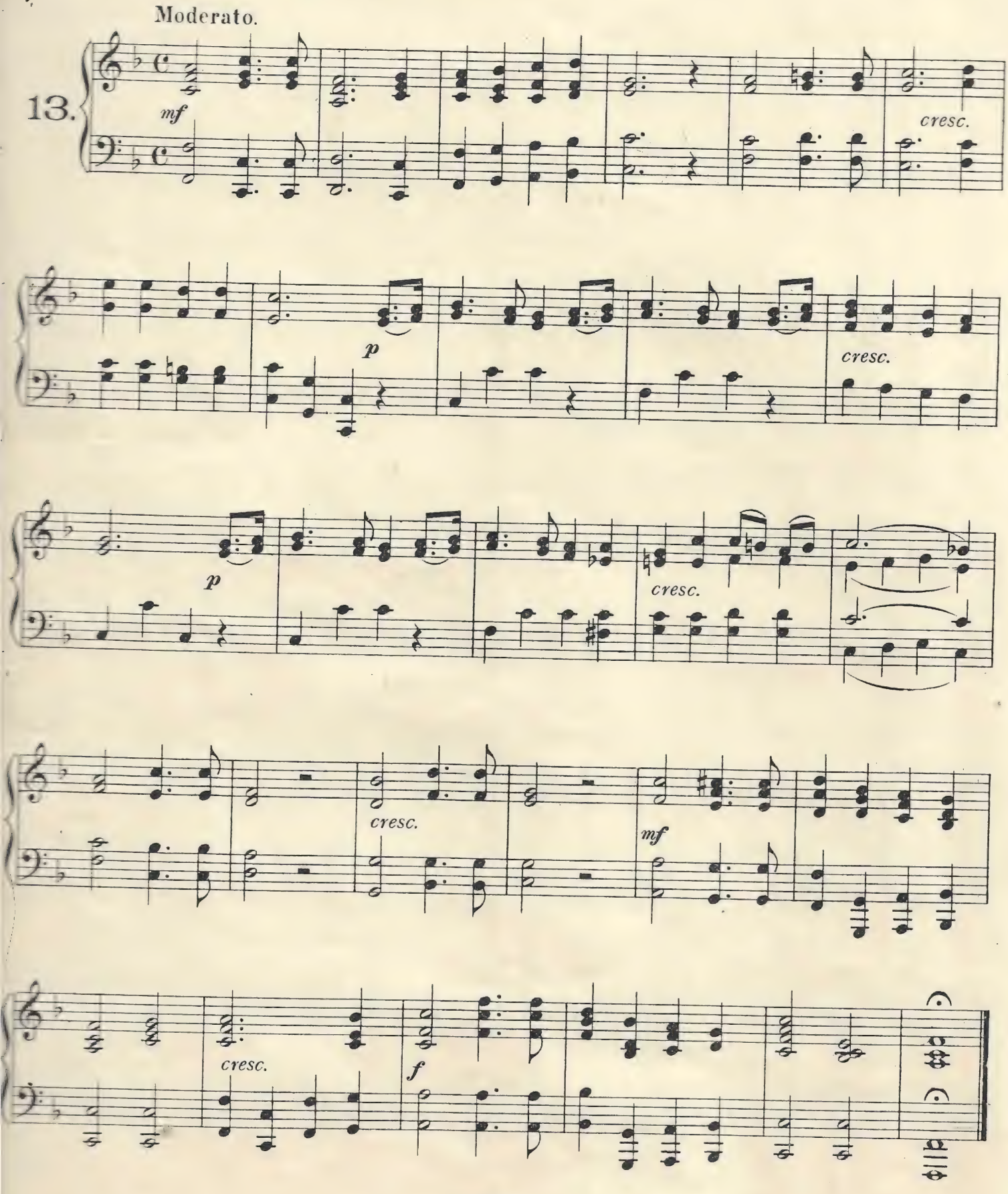
Canada.

O Canada.

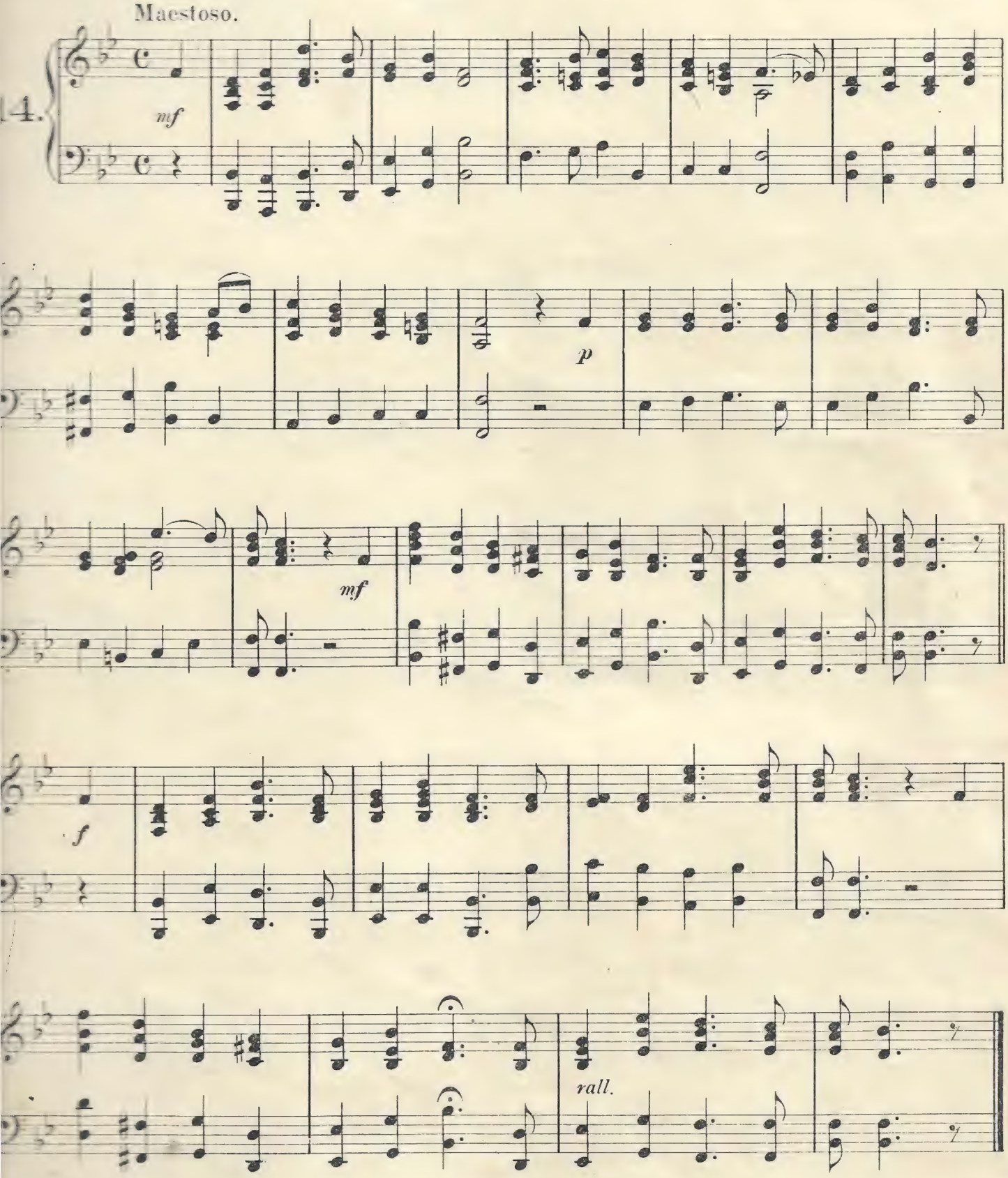
(C. LAVALLEE.)

Moderato.

13.

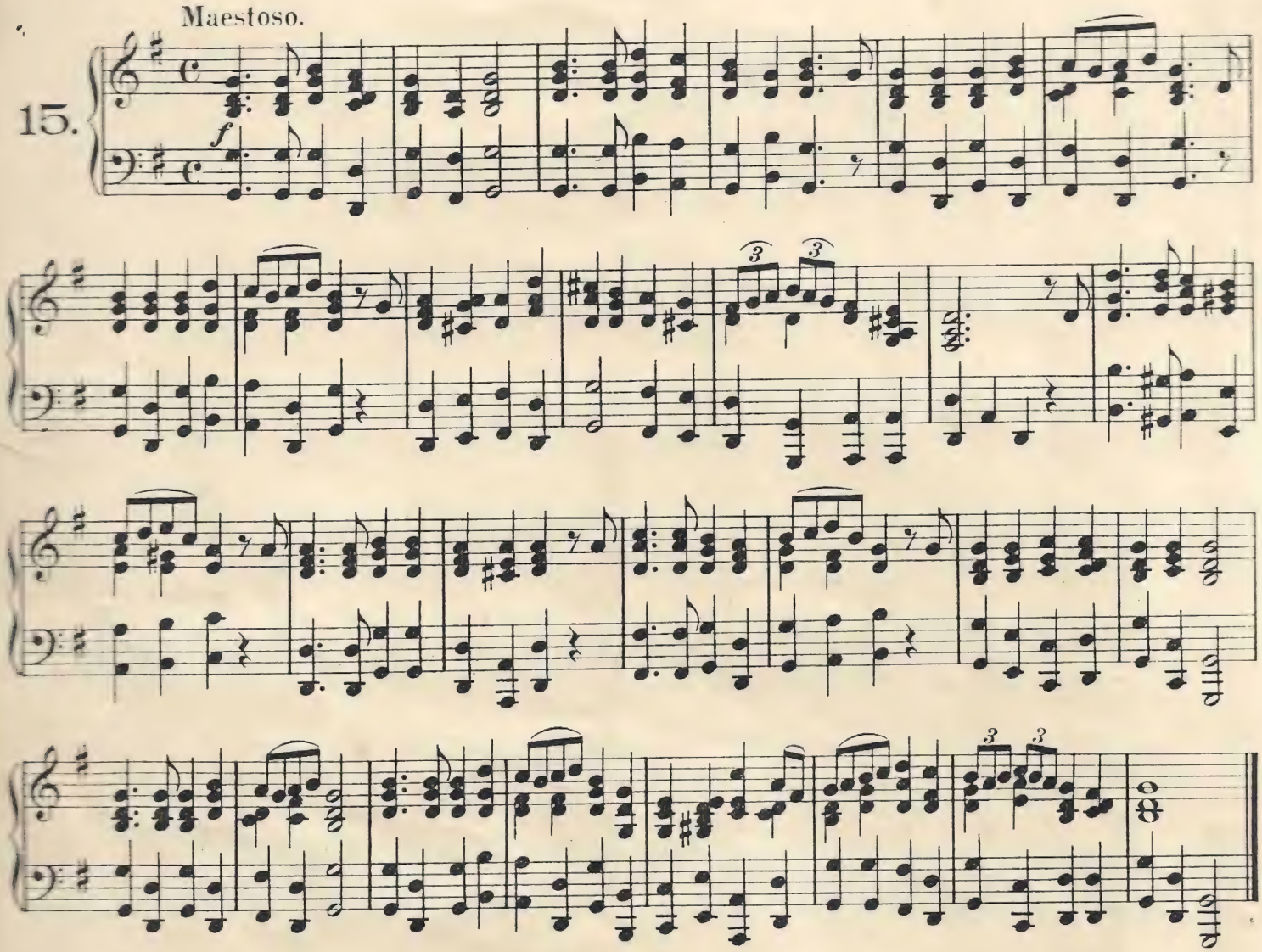


The Maple Leaf for ever.

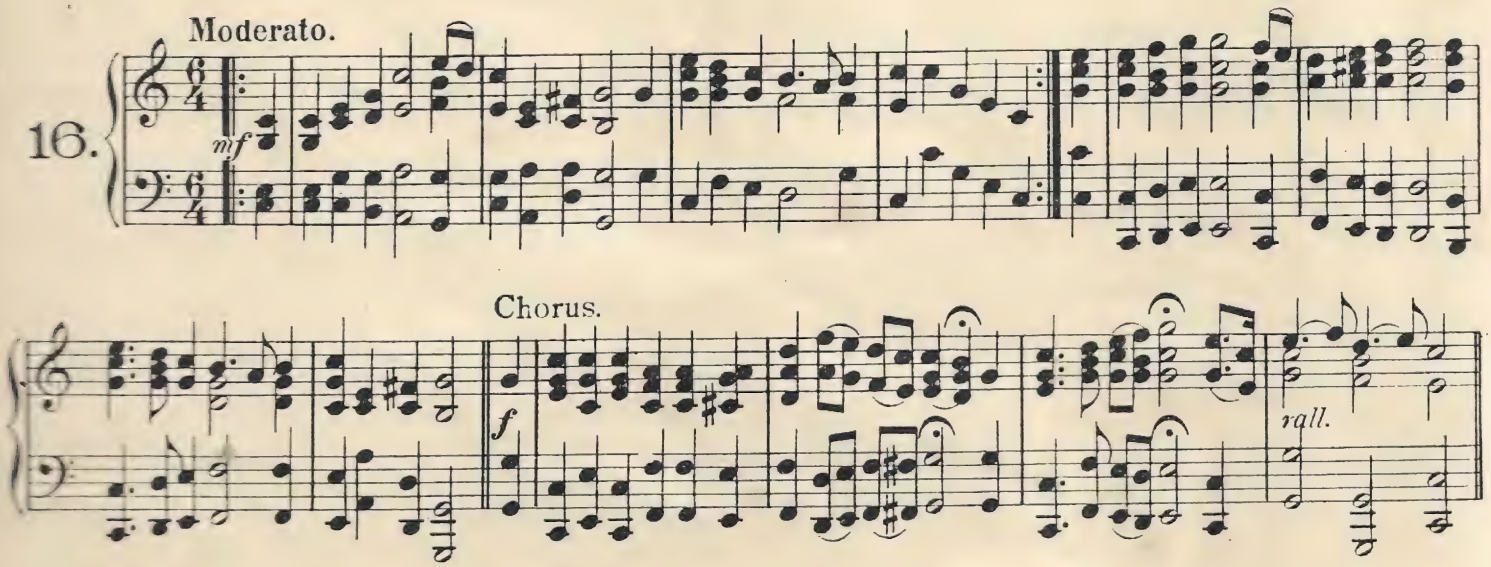


America.

Hail! Columbia.



The Star-spangled Banner.



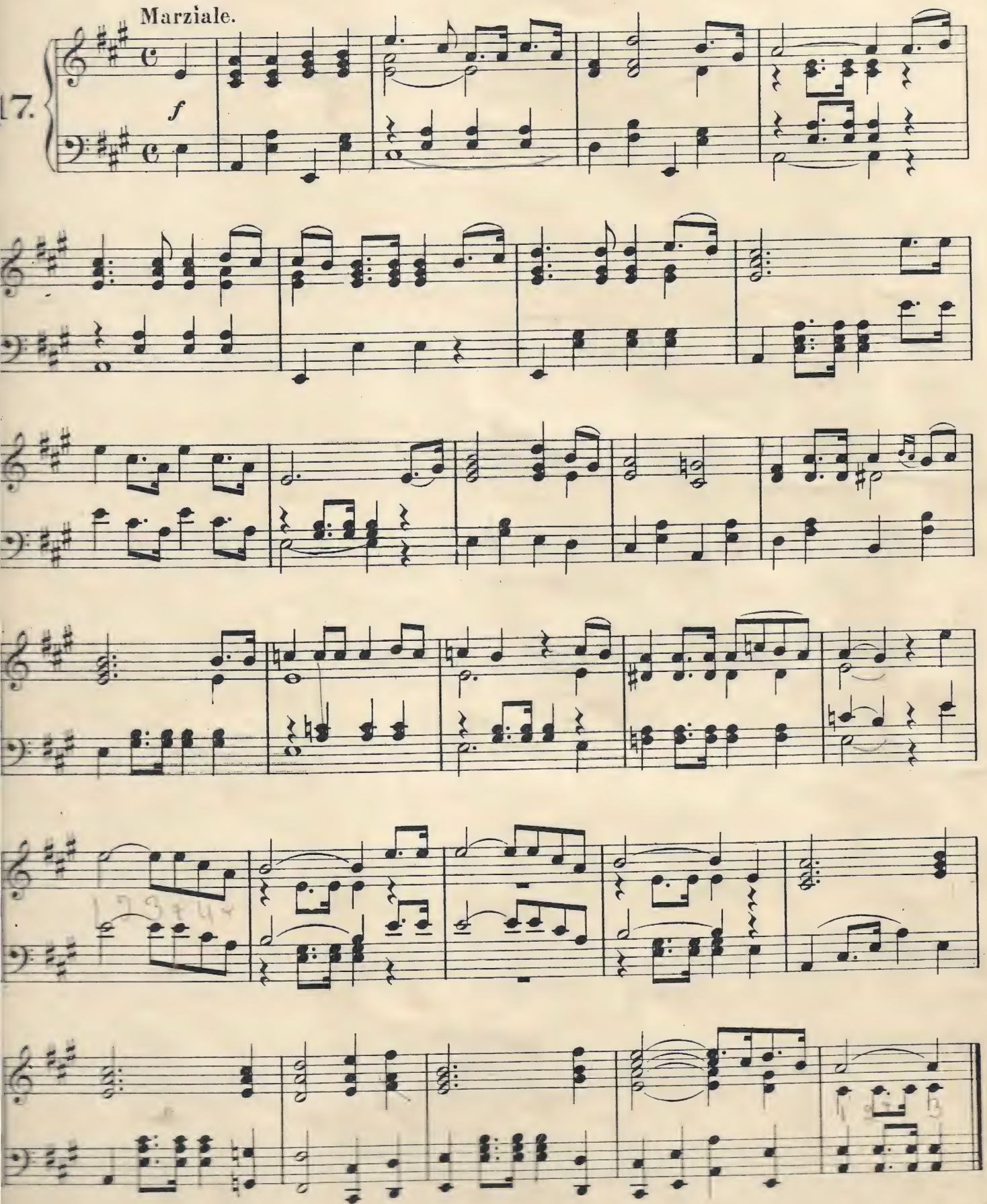
France.

La Marseillaise.

17.

Marziale.

f

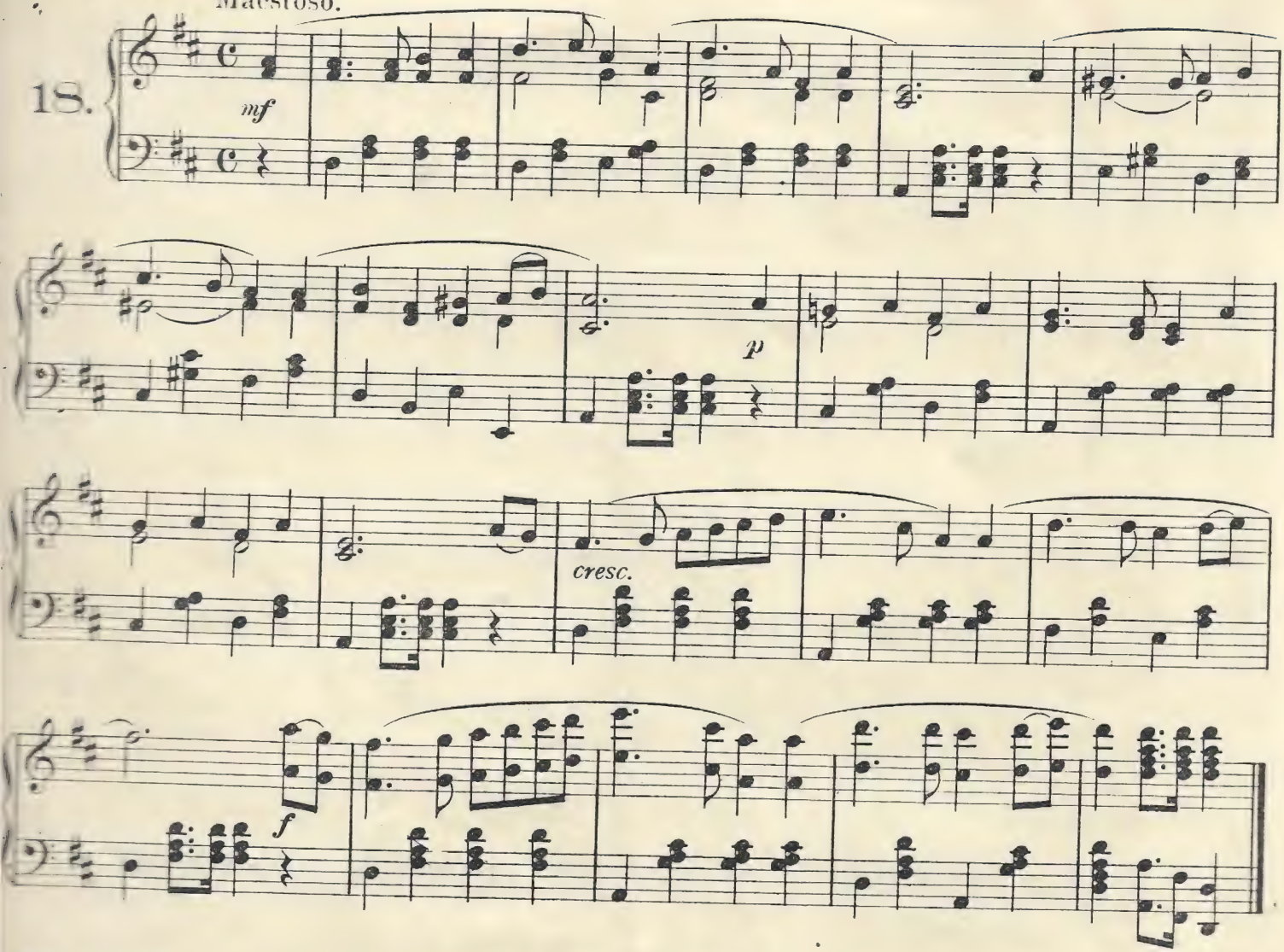


Partant pour la Syrie.

KEY: D

Maestoso.

18.

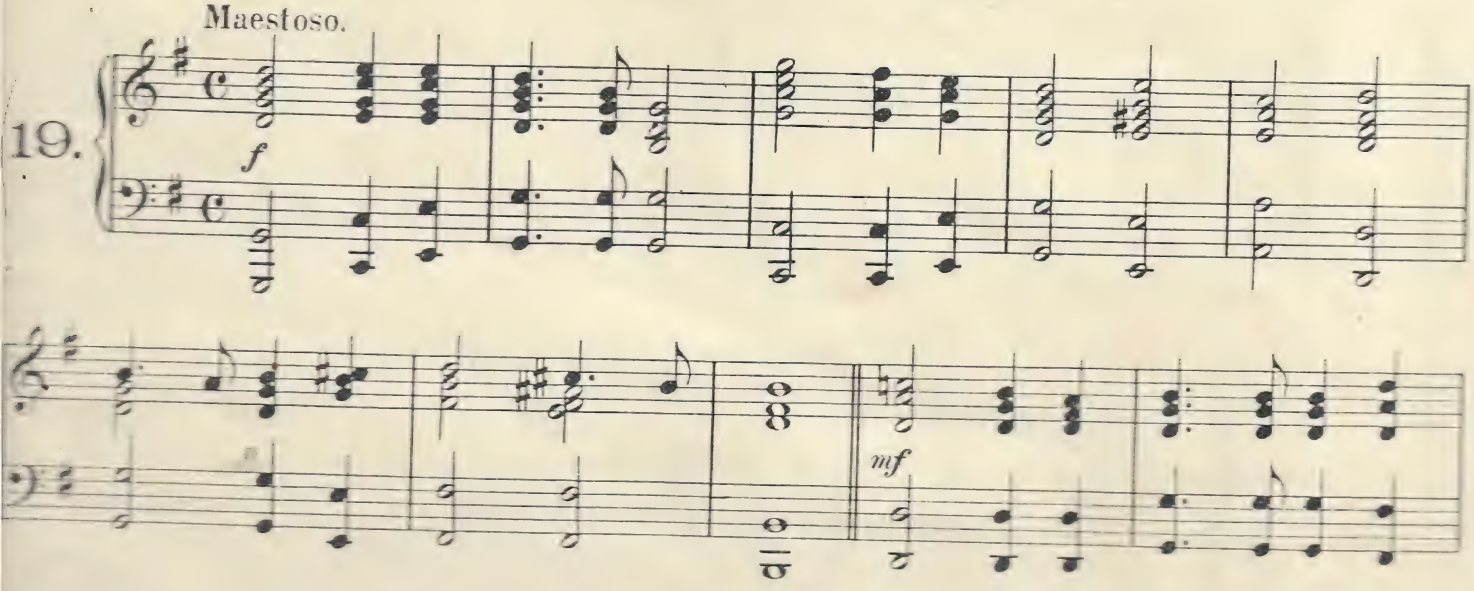


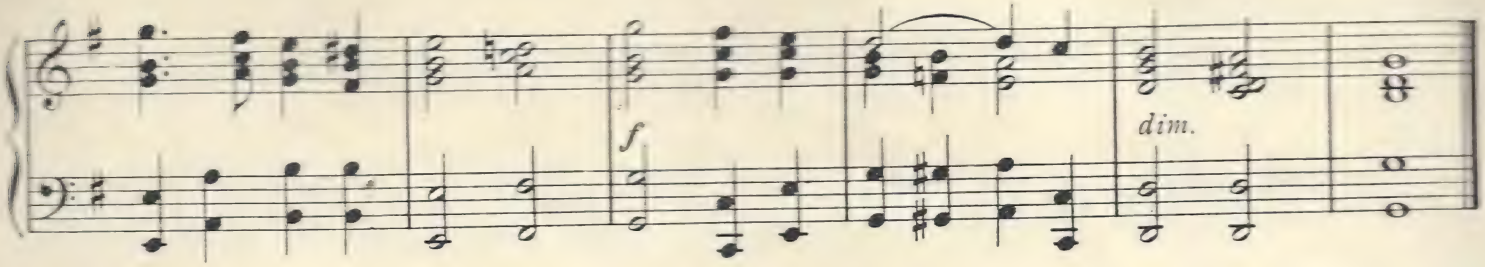
Russia.

Russian National Hymn.

Maestoso.

19.

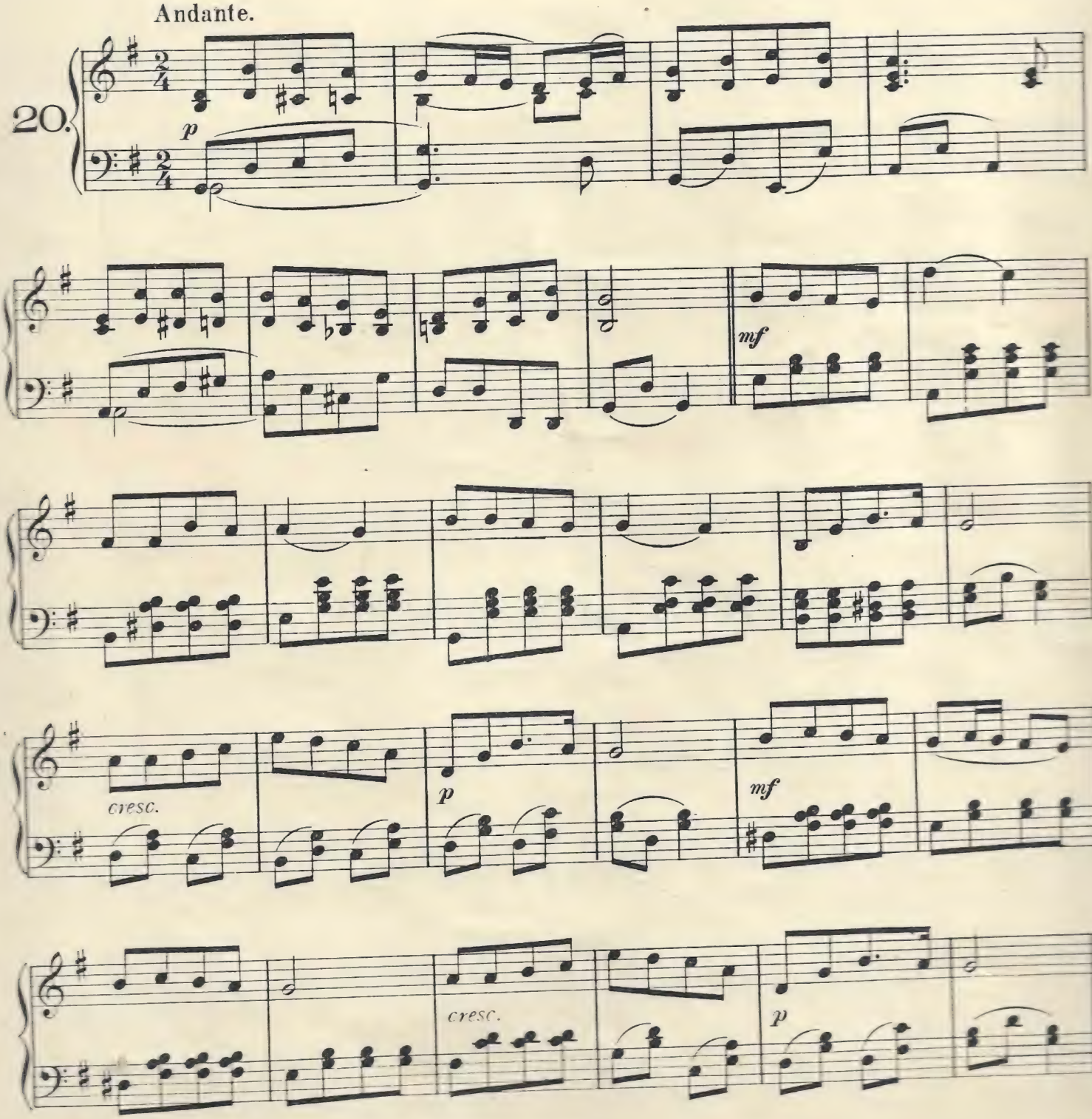




Russian Air.

Andante.

20.

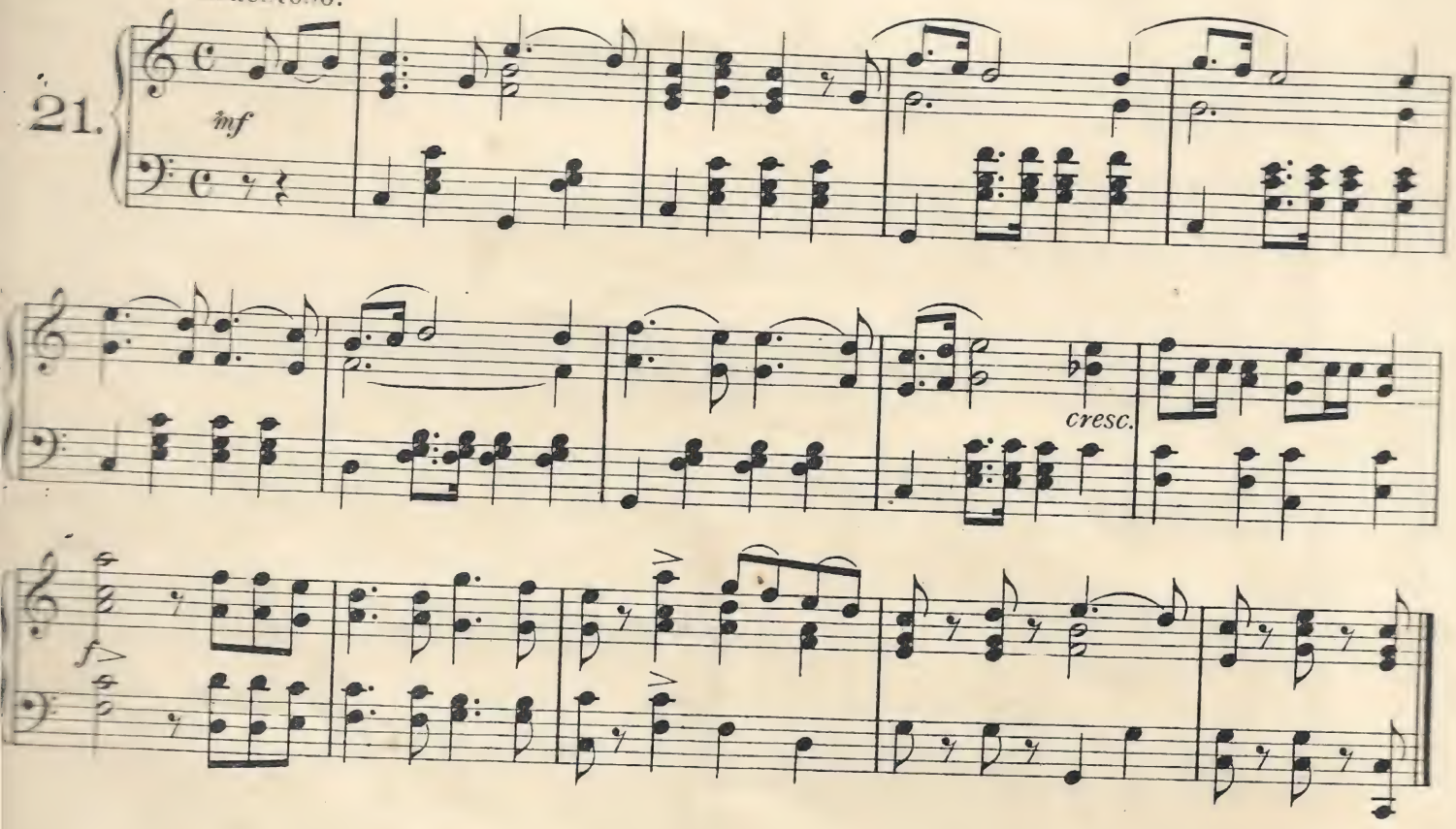


Germany.

The German Fatherland.

Maestoso.

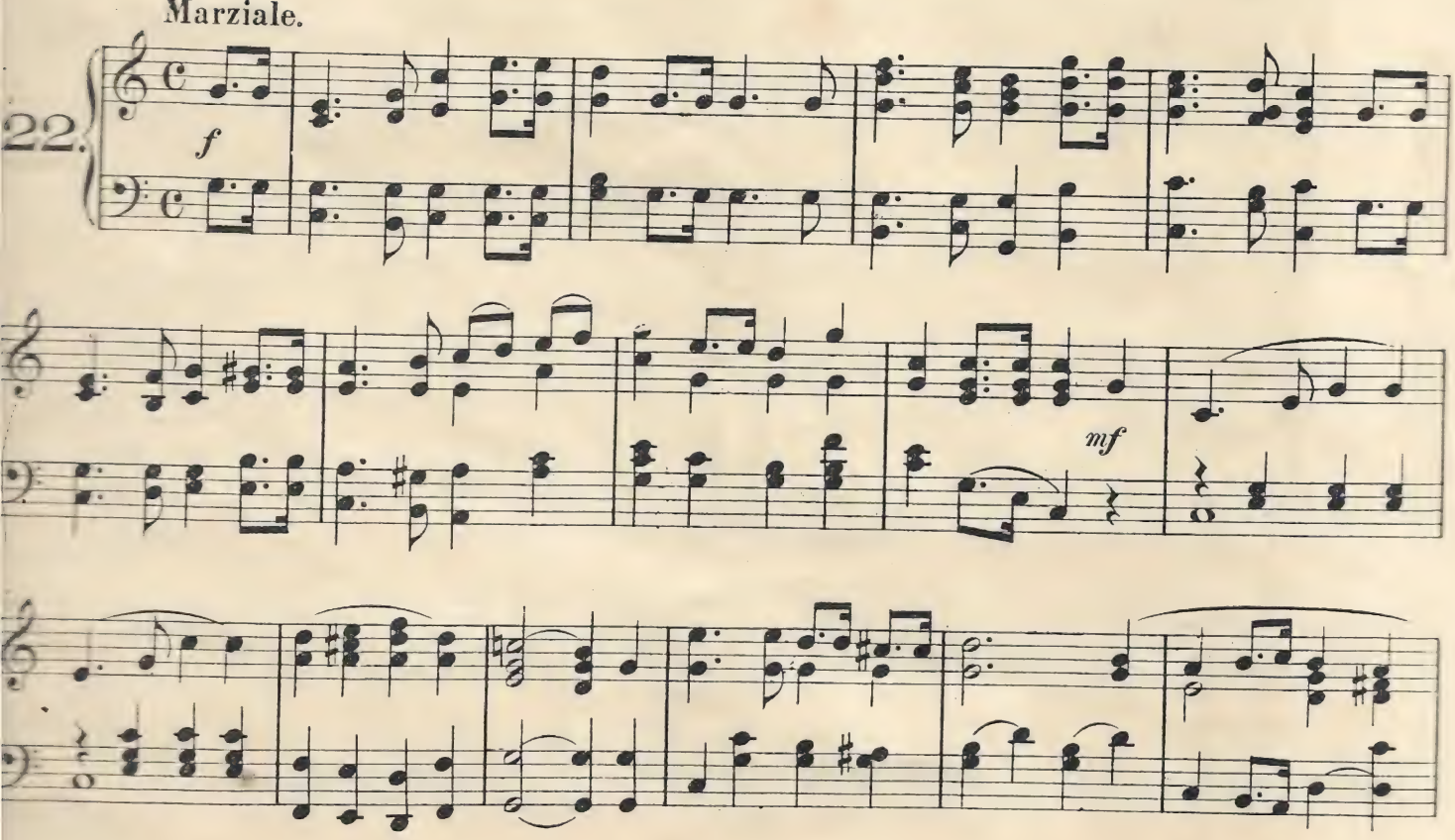
21.

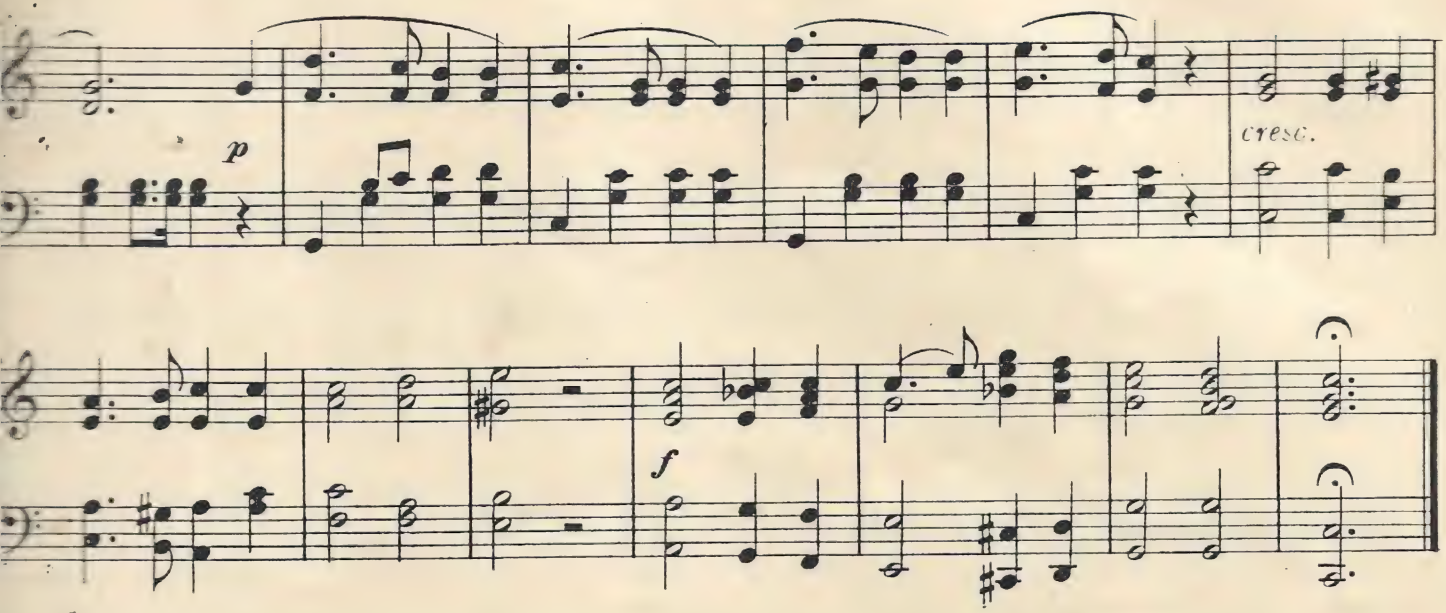


The Watch on the Rhine.

Marziale.

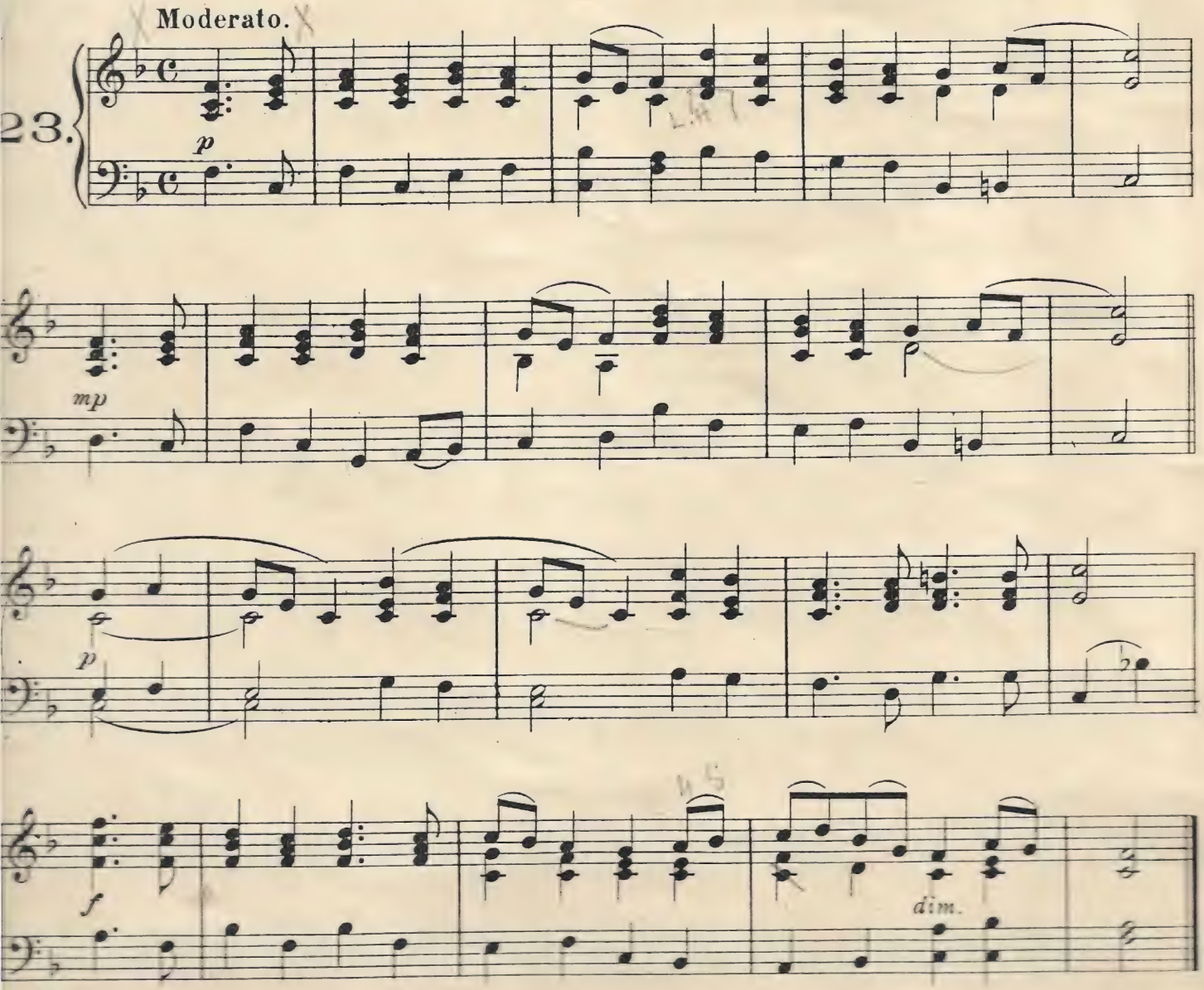
22.





Austria.

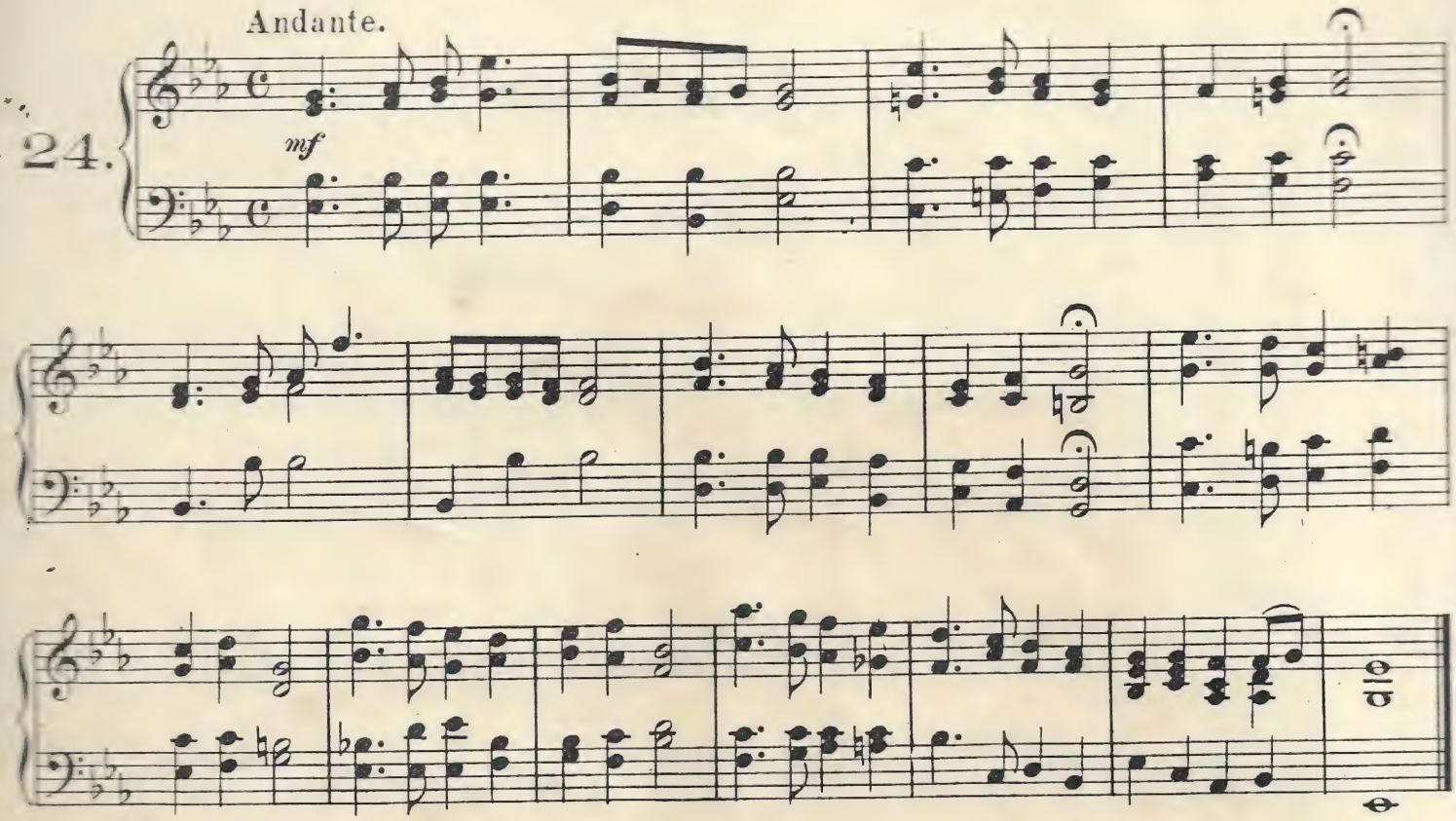
Hymn to the Emperor.



Hungary.

Hungarian National Hymn.

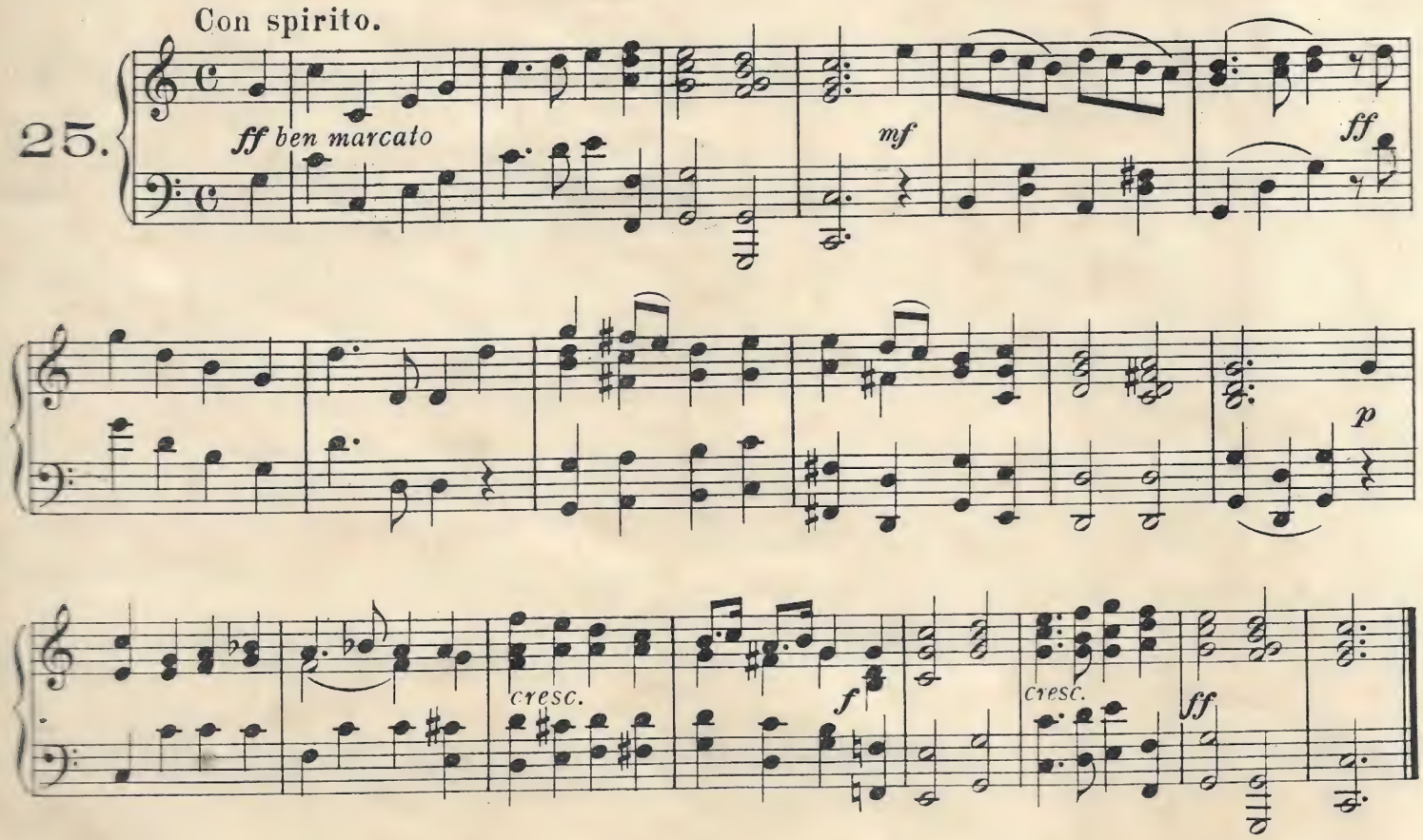
24. Andante.



Denmark.

Danish National Hymn.

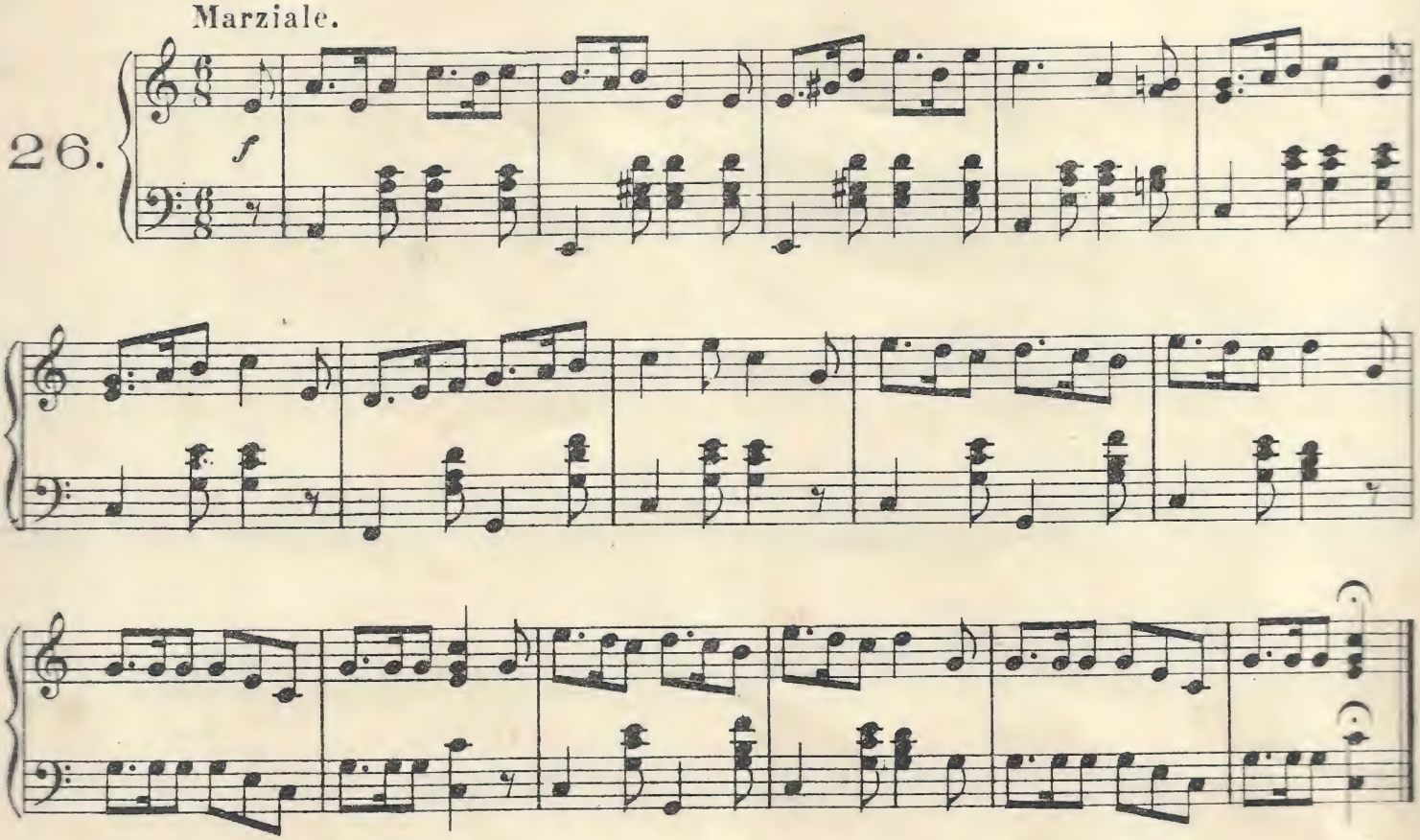
25. Con spirito.



Danish Battle March.

Marziale.

26.

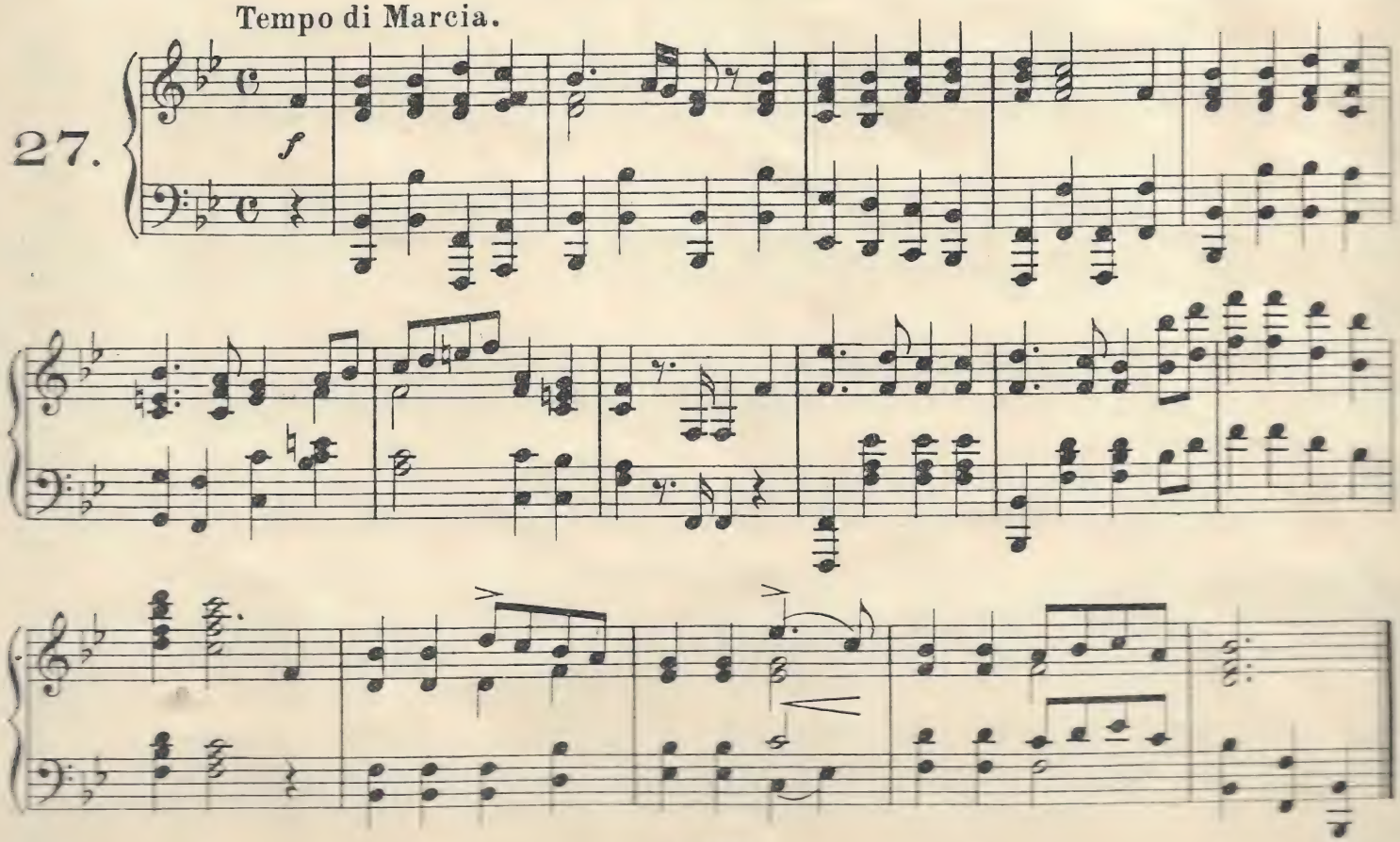


Holland.

Battle March.

Tempo di Marcia.

27.



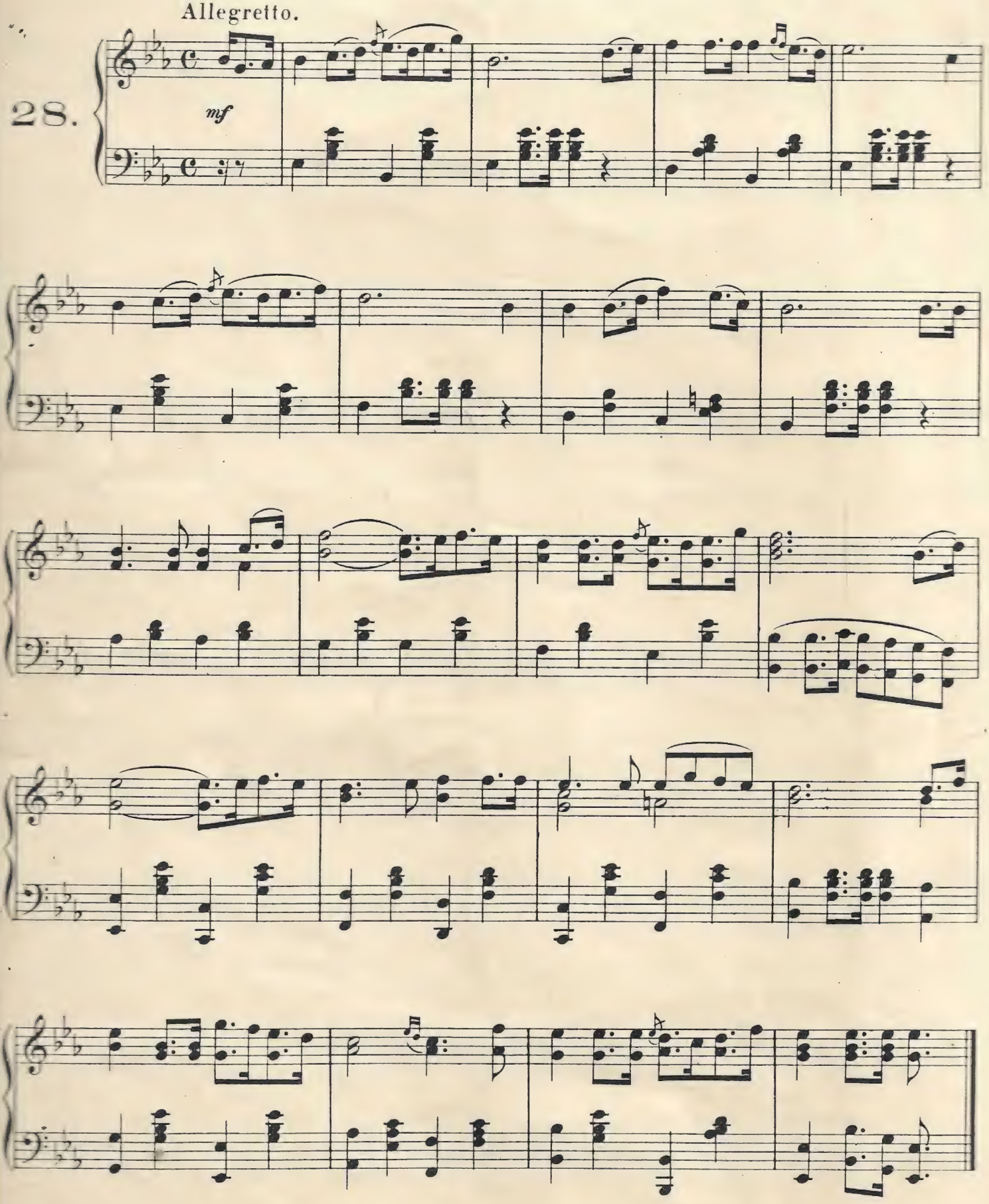
Belgium.

La Brabançonne.

28.

Allegretto.

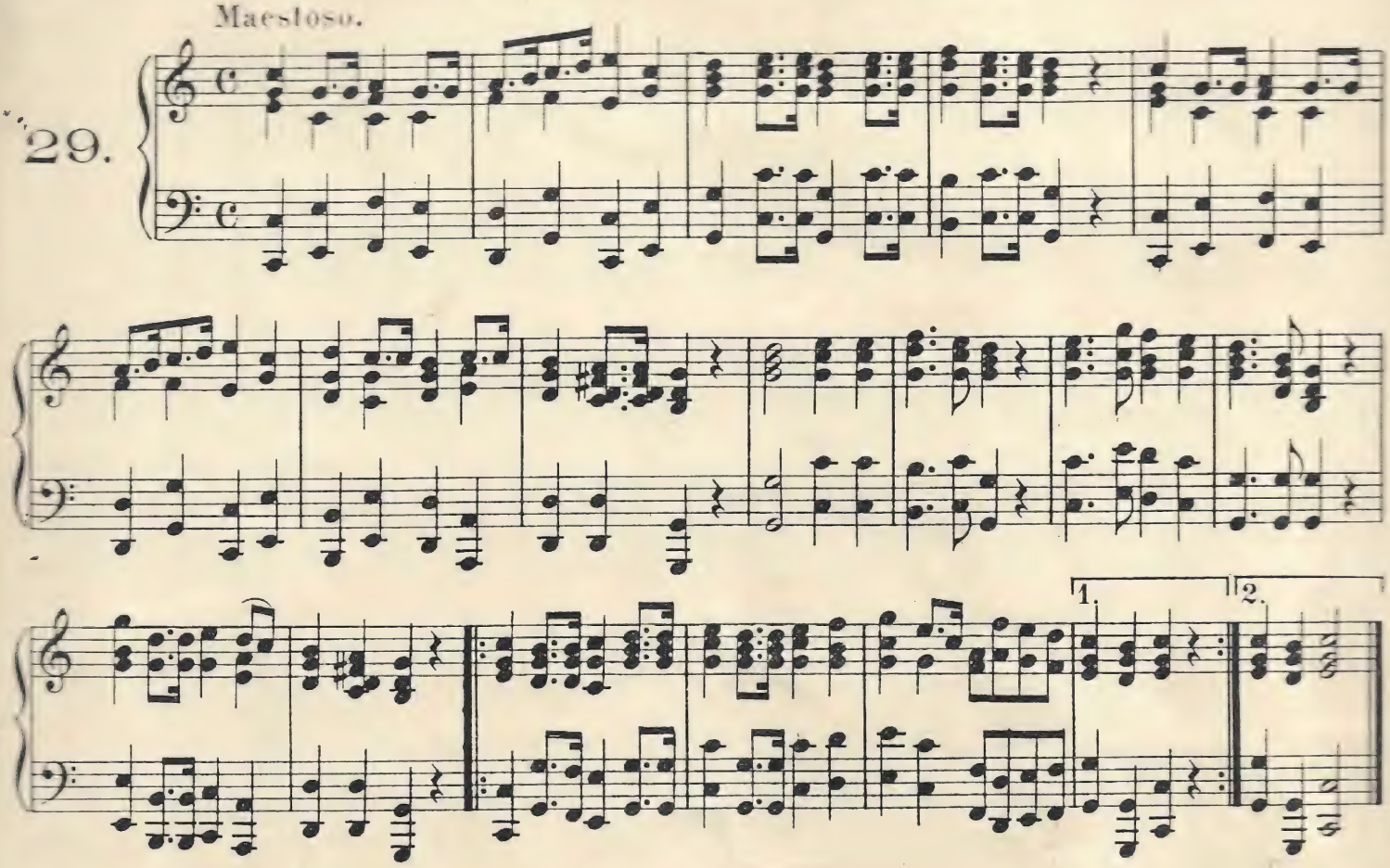
mf



Norway.

Norwegian National Anthem.

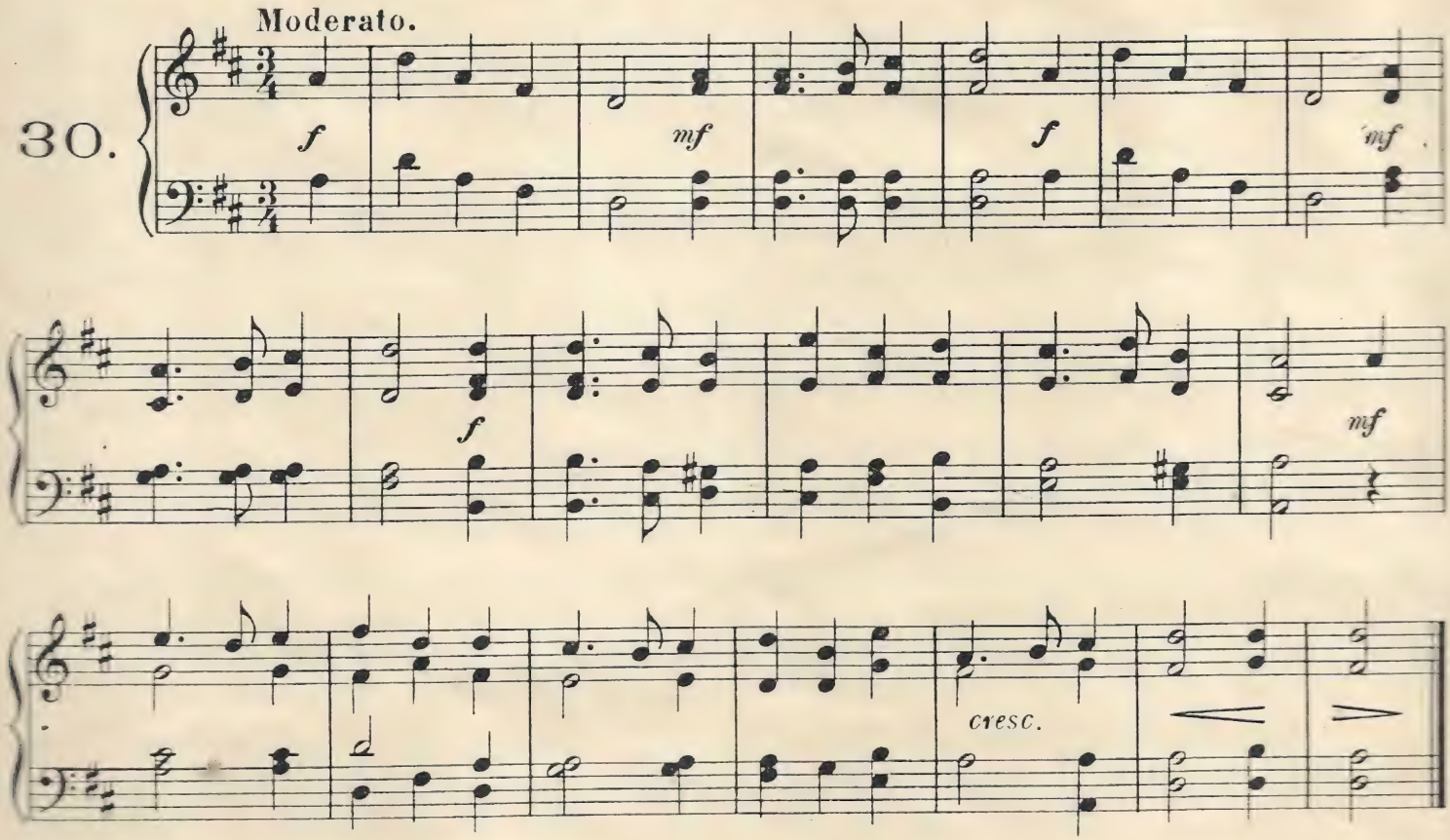
29.



Sweden.

Swedish National Hymn.

30.

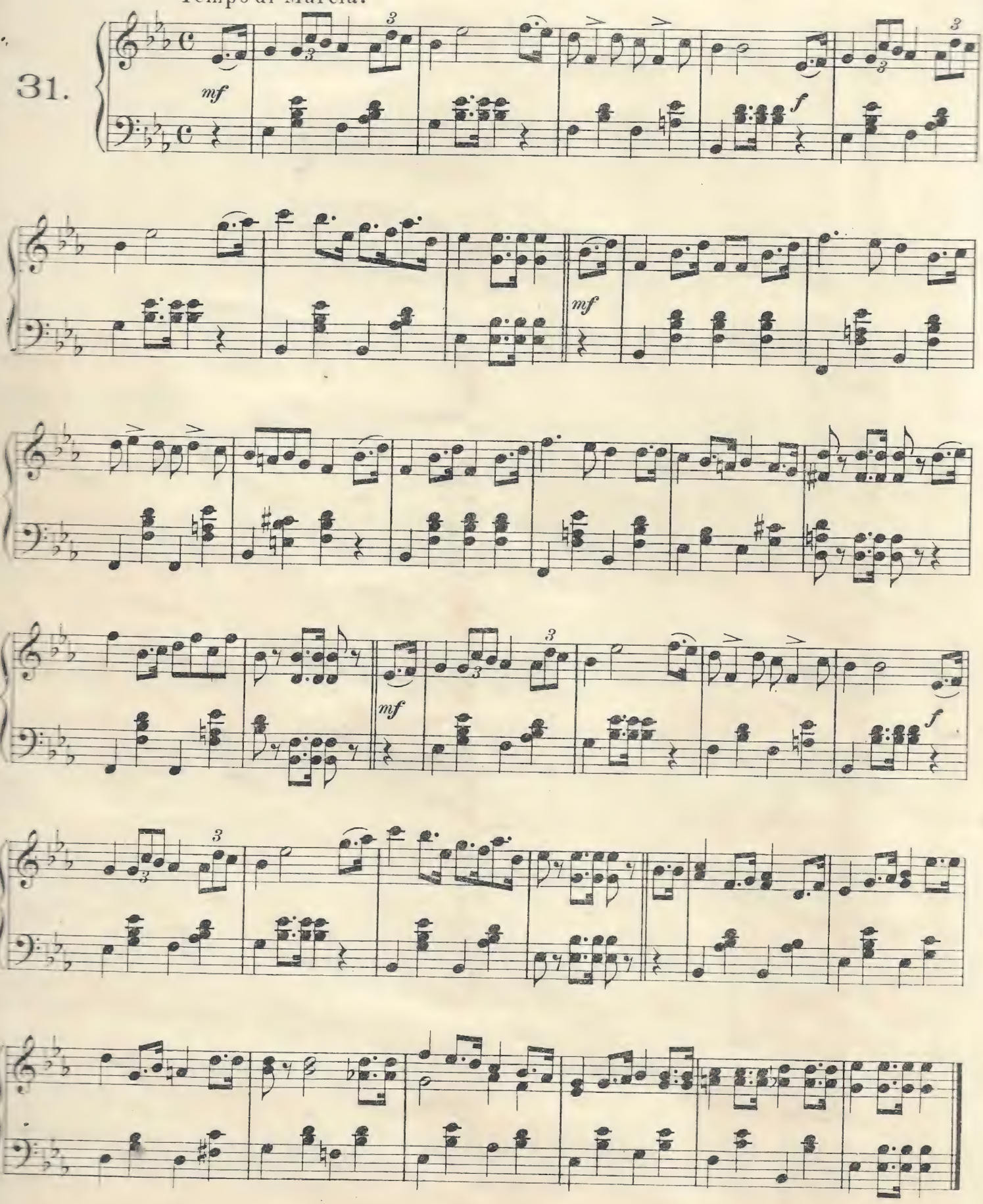


Italy.

Italian Hymn.

31.

Tempo di Marcia.



Portugal.

Portuguese National Hymn.

32.

Tempo di Marcia.

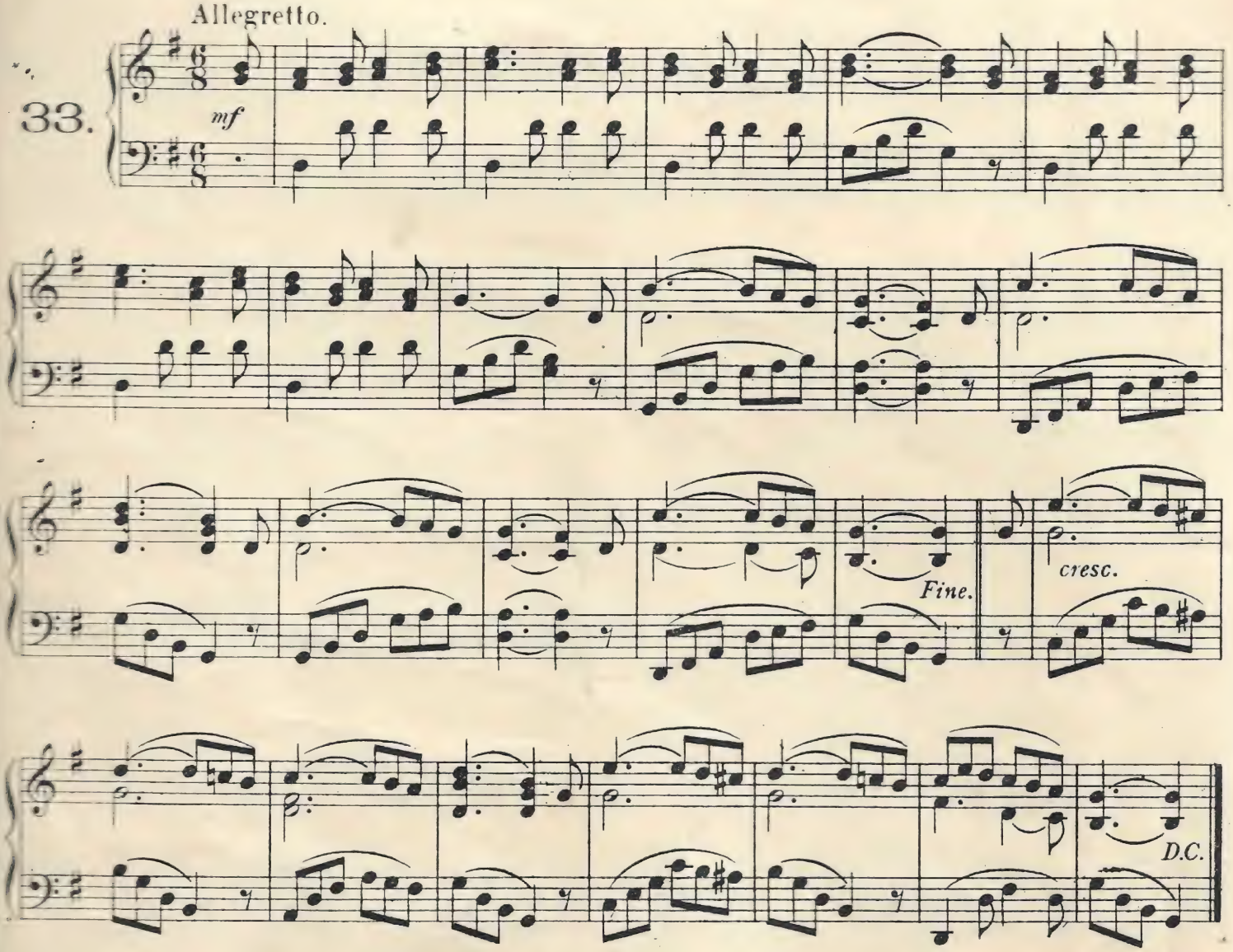
f

Spain.

Spanish National Hymn.

Allegretto.

33.

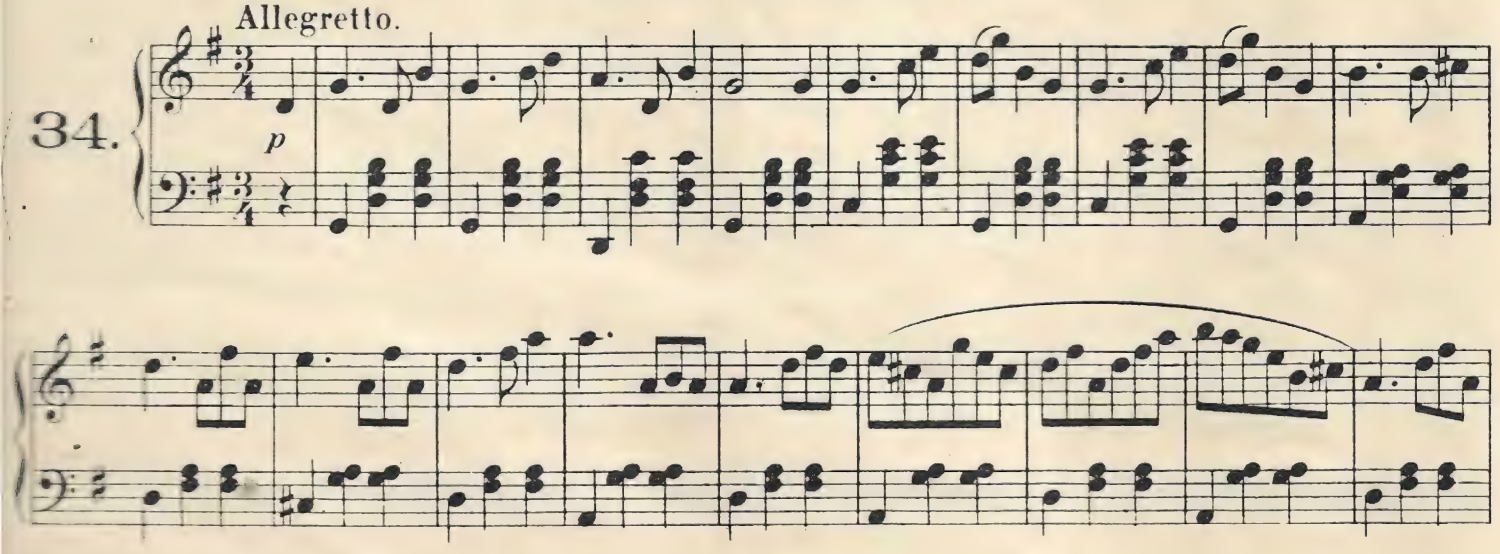


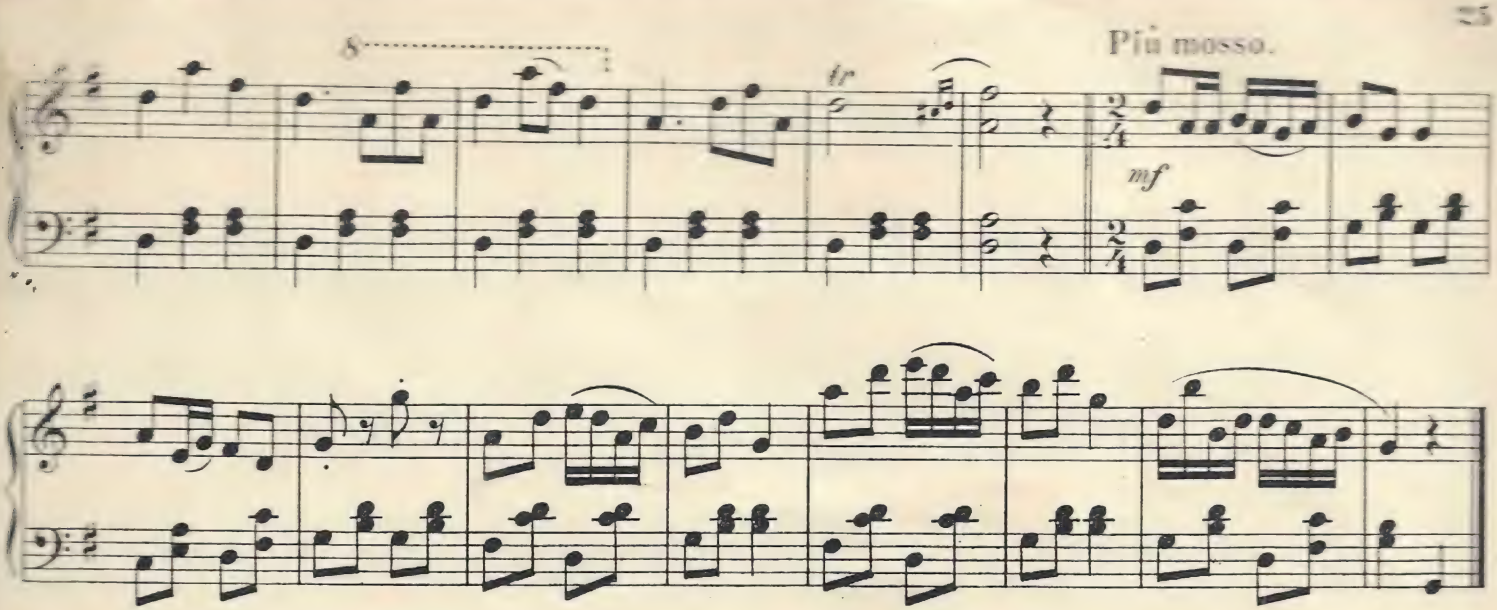
Switzerland.

Popular Swiss Song.

Allegretto.

34.

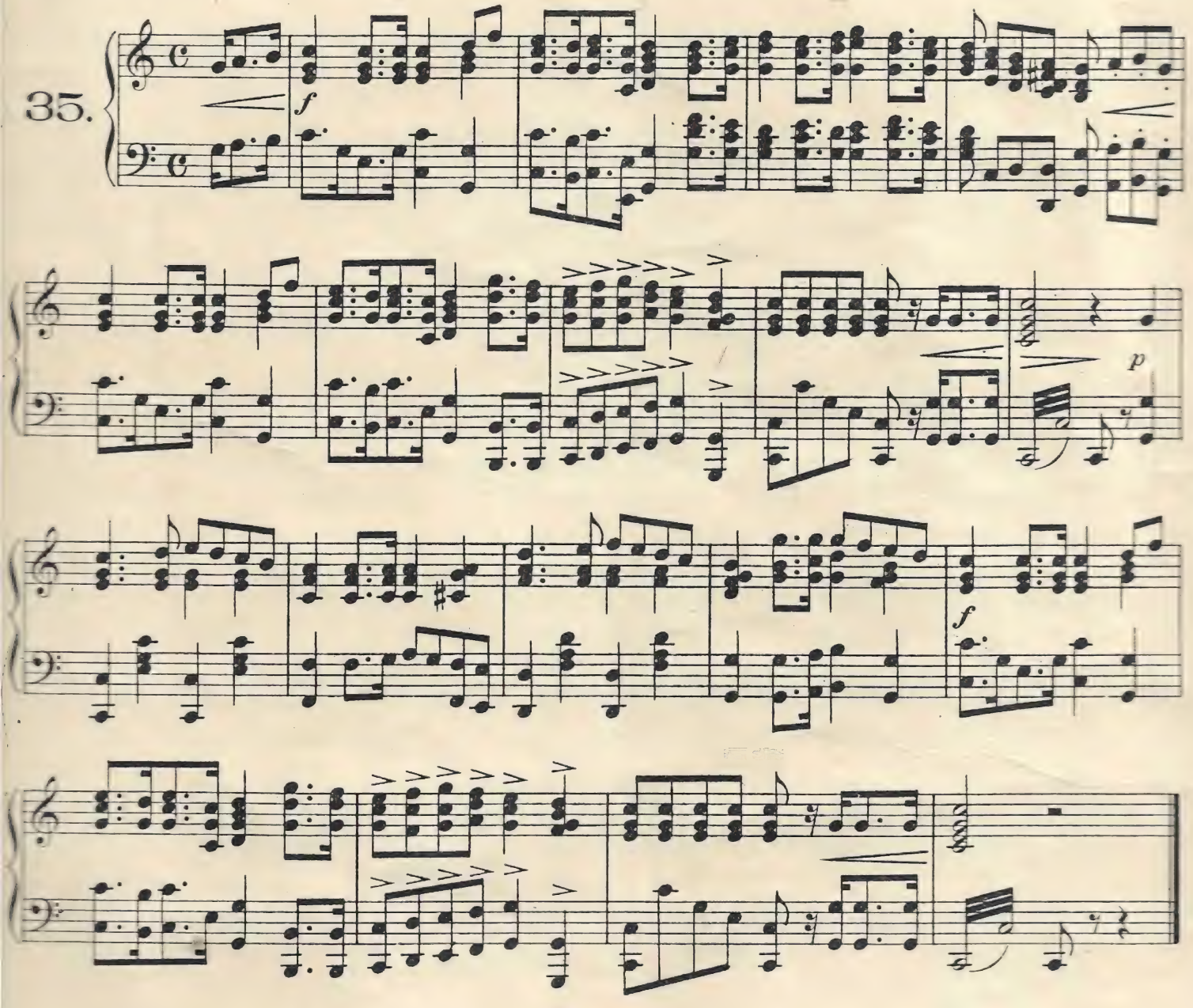




Luxembourg.

Folk Melody.

35.

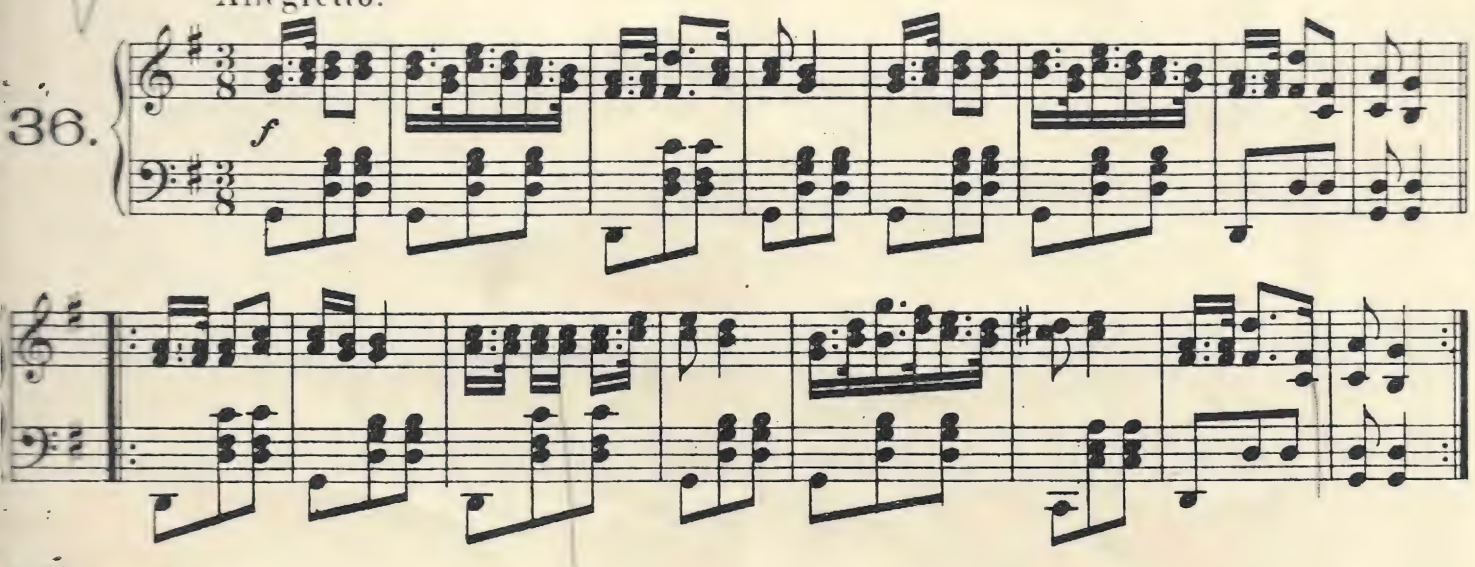


Poland.

Polish National Hymn.

Allegretto.

36.

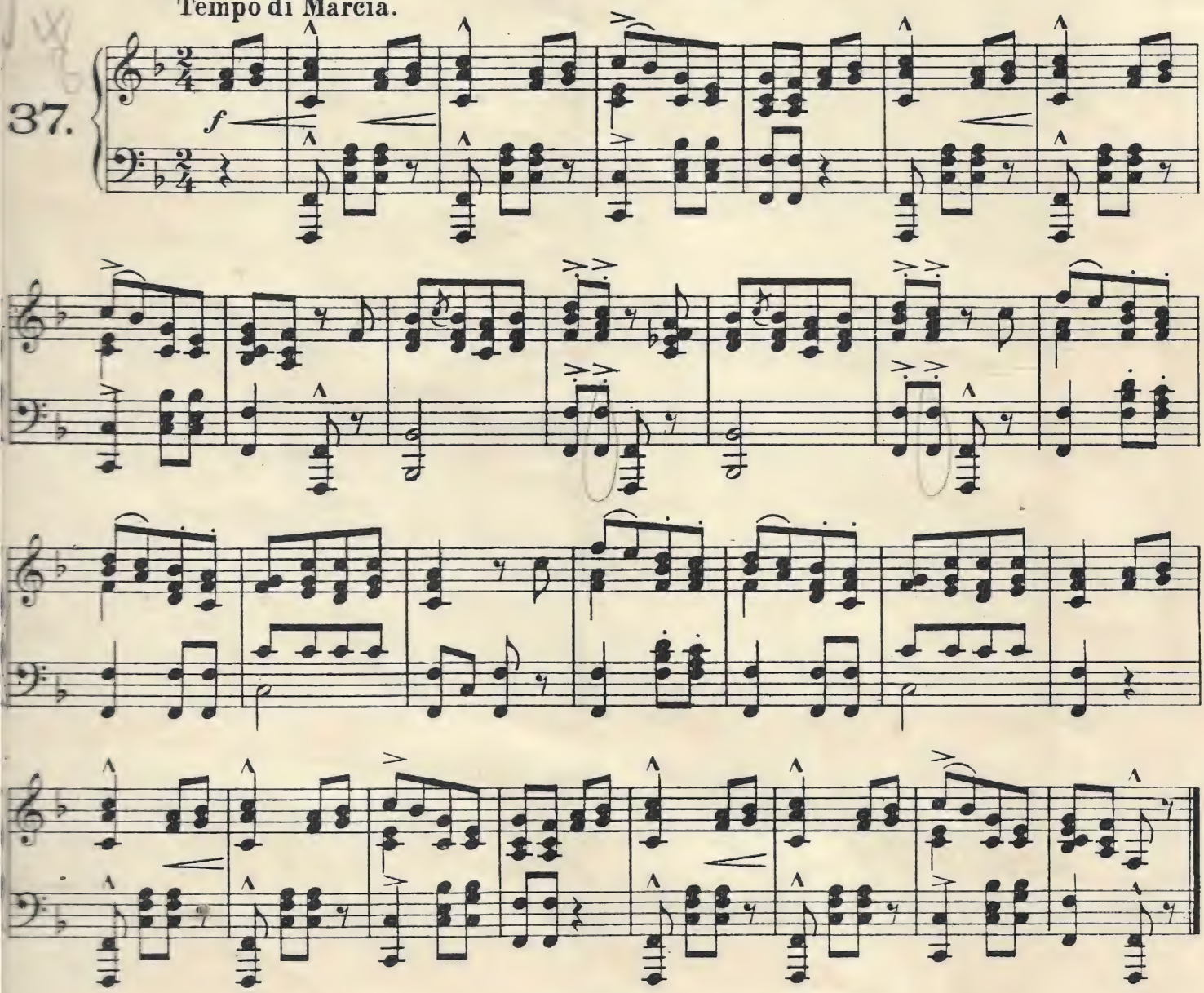


Greece.

Greek National Hymn.

Tempo di Marcia.

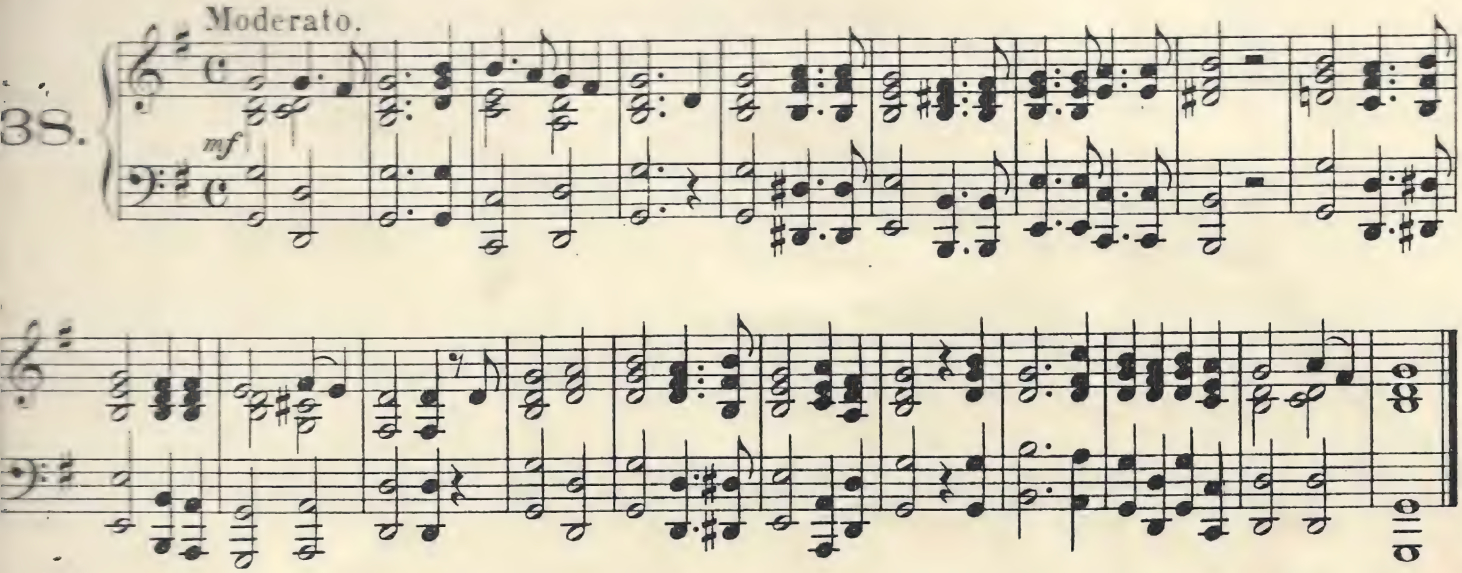
37.



Turkey.

Turkish National Hymn.

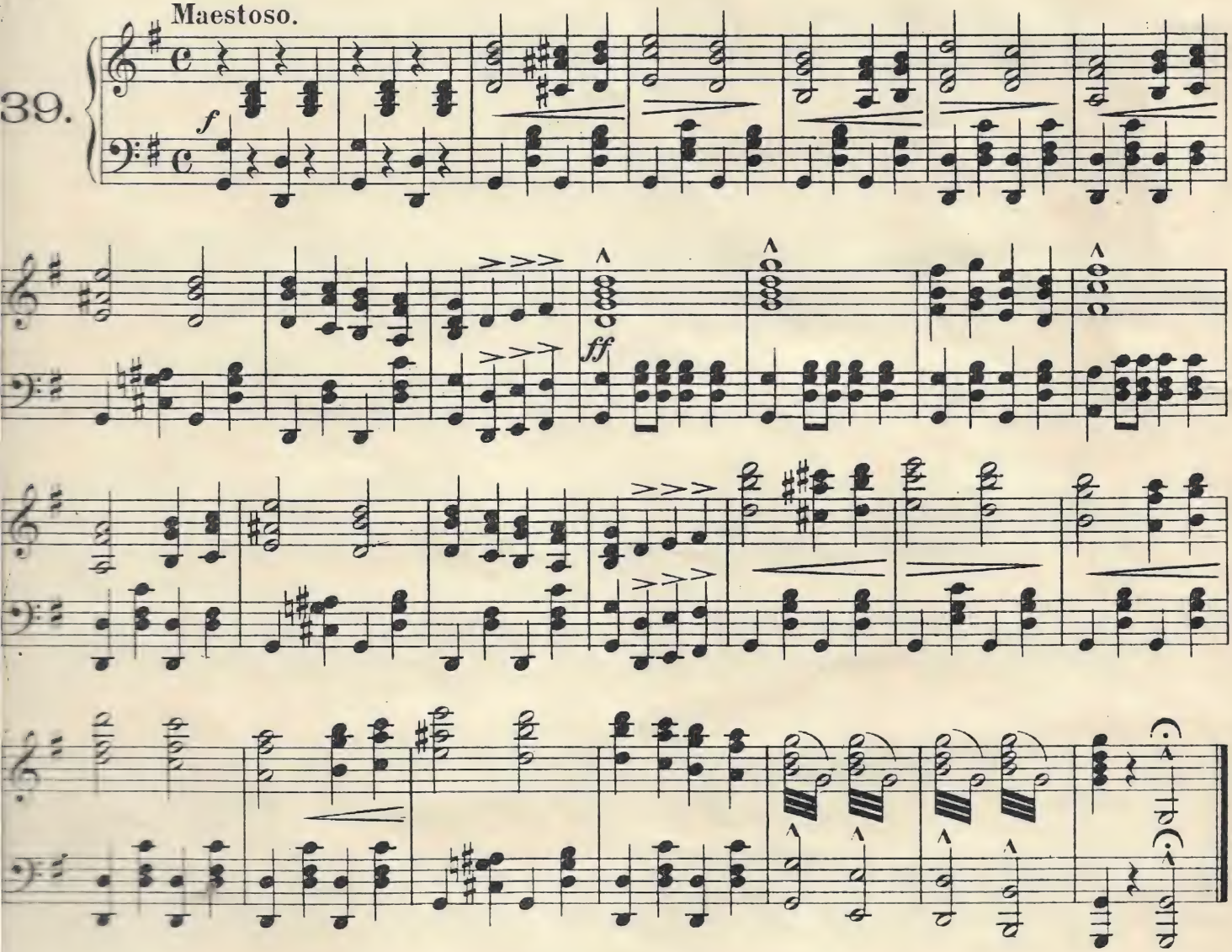
38.



Bulgaria.

Battle March.

39.

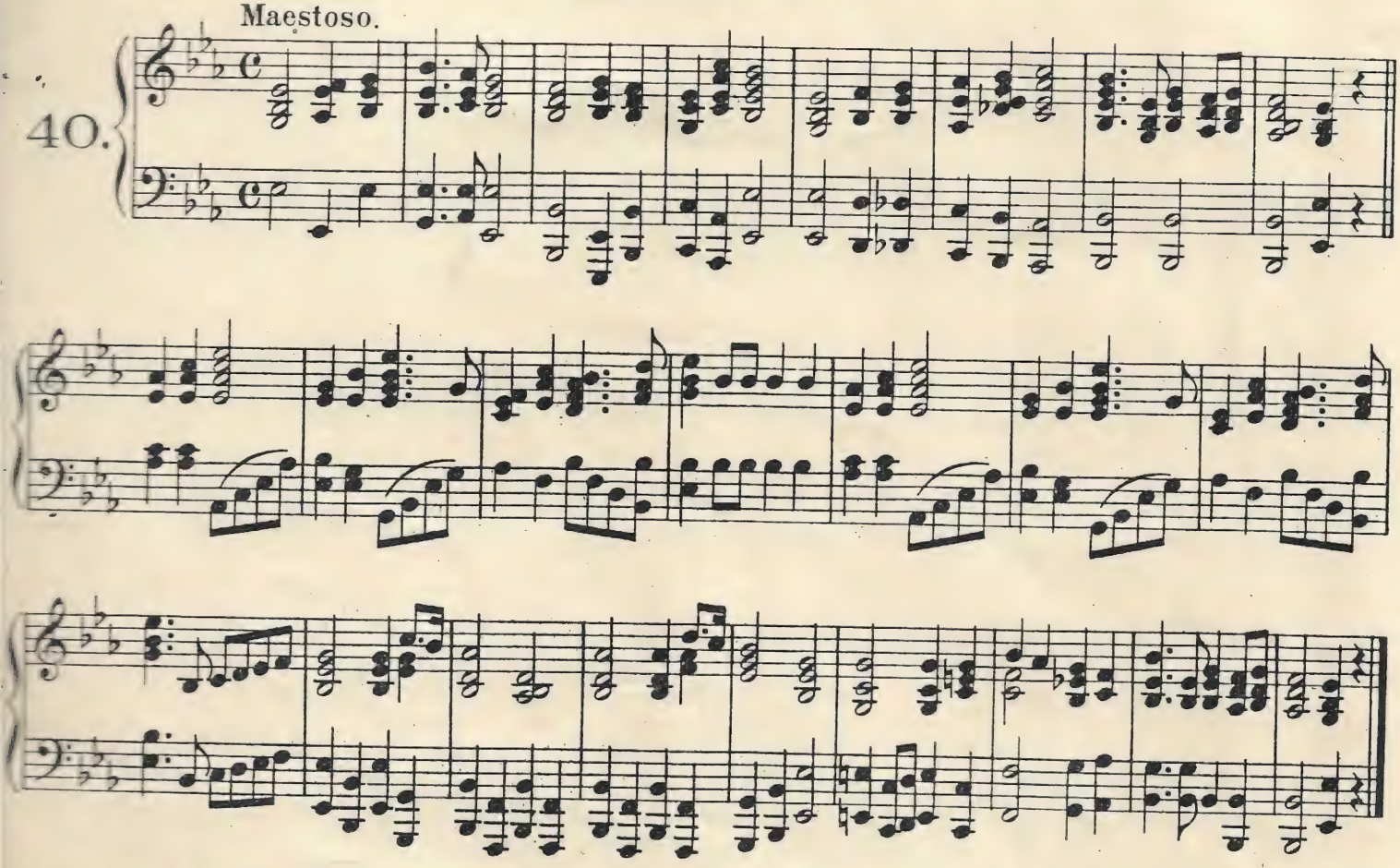


Roumania.

Battle March.

40.

Maestoso.



Serbia.

National Song.

41.

Moderato marziale.

f

dim.

f

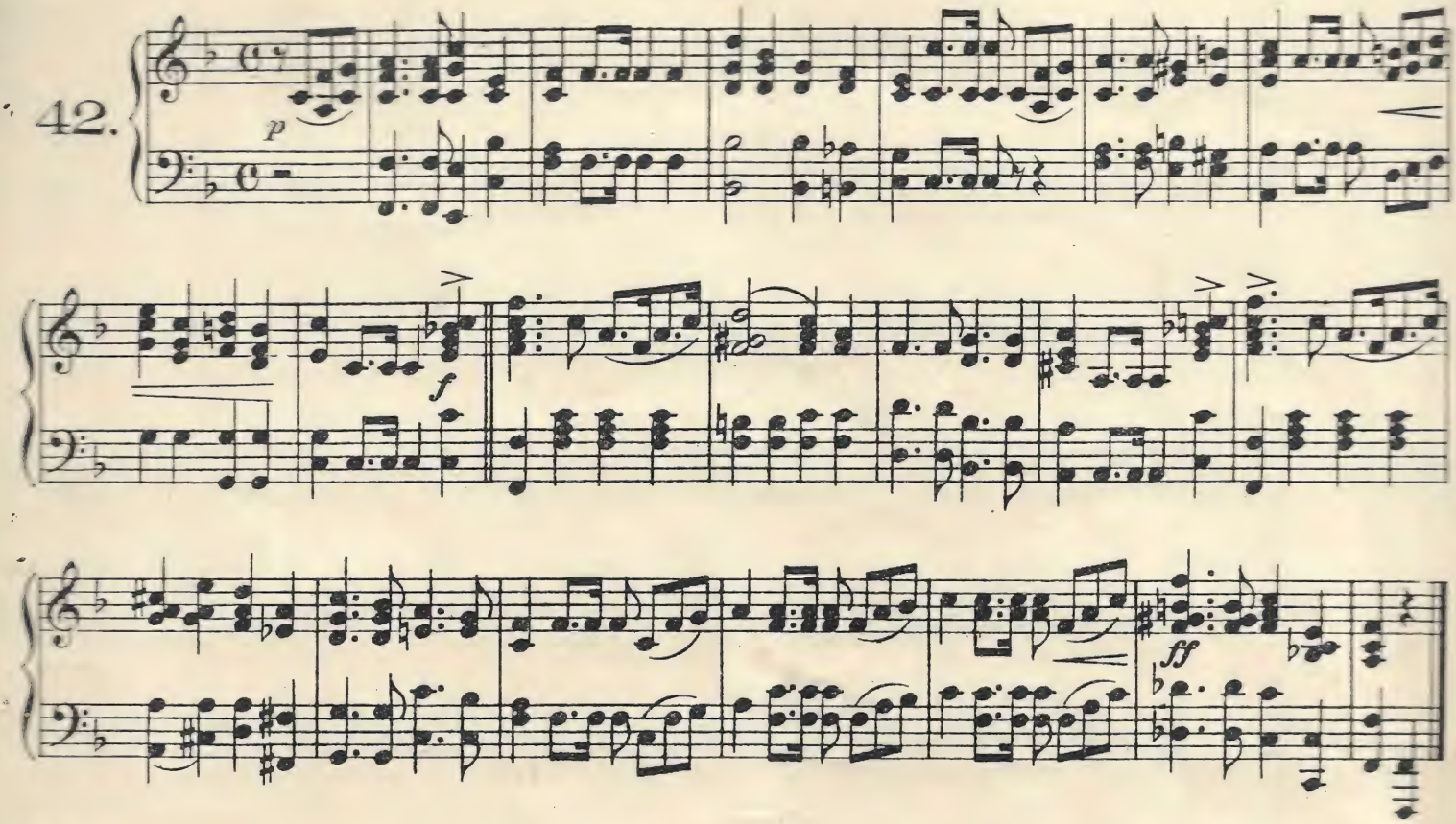
marcato

Transvaal.

Folk Song.

(C. F. van REES.)

42.

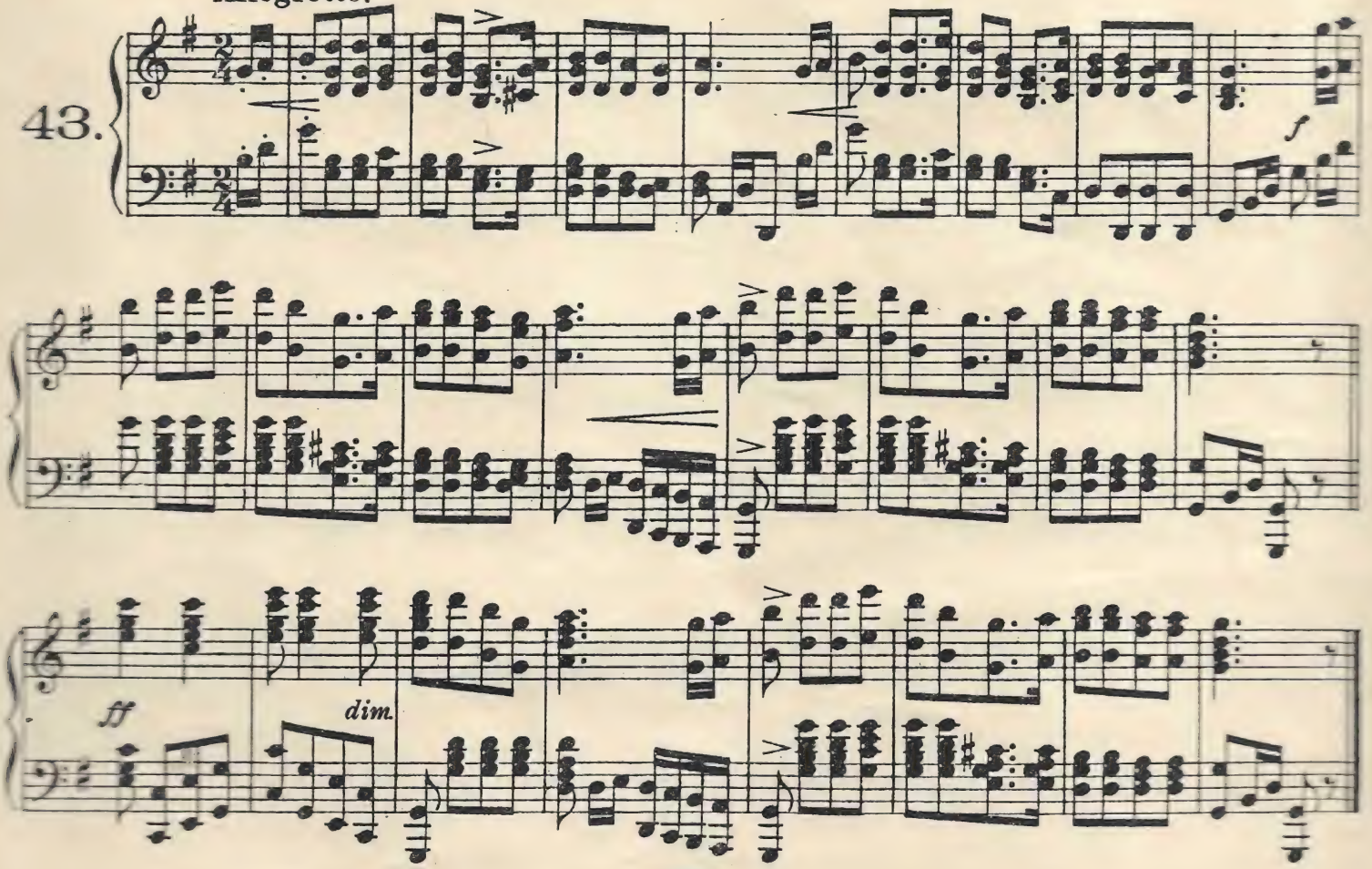


Mexico.

Folk Song.

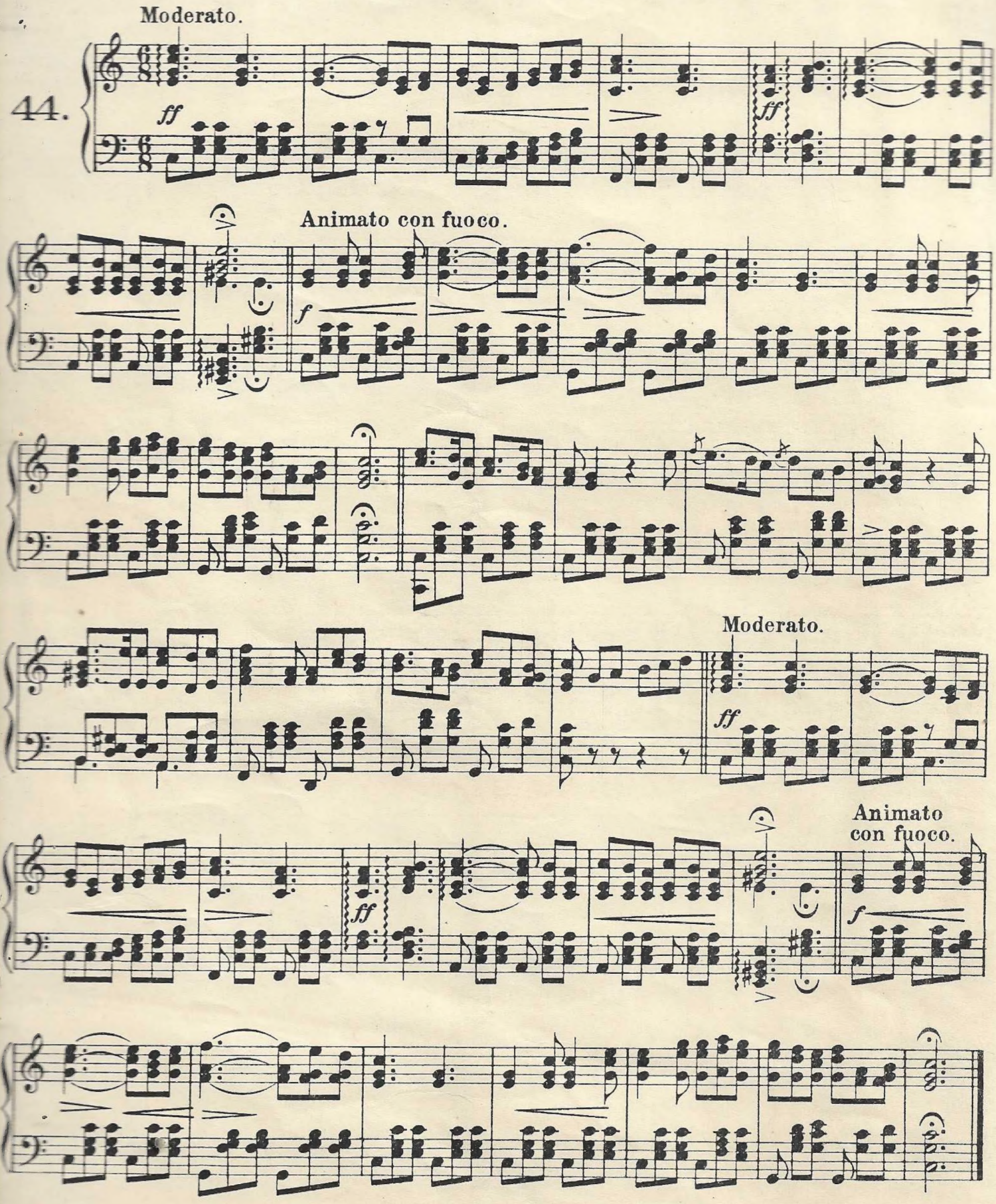
Allegretto.

43.



Argentine.

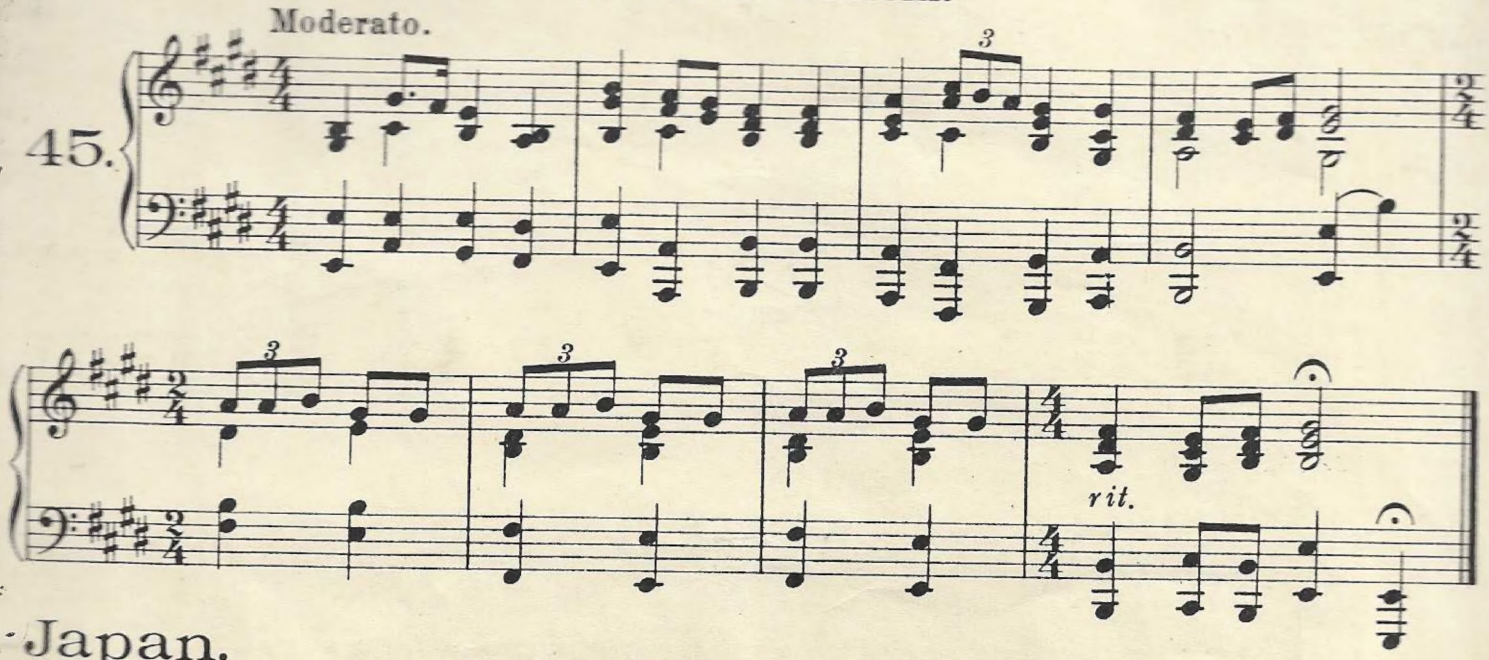
March of the Republic.



Montenegro.

National Anthem.

45. Moderato.

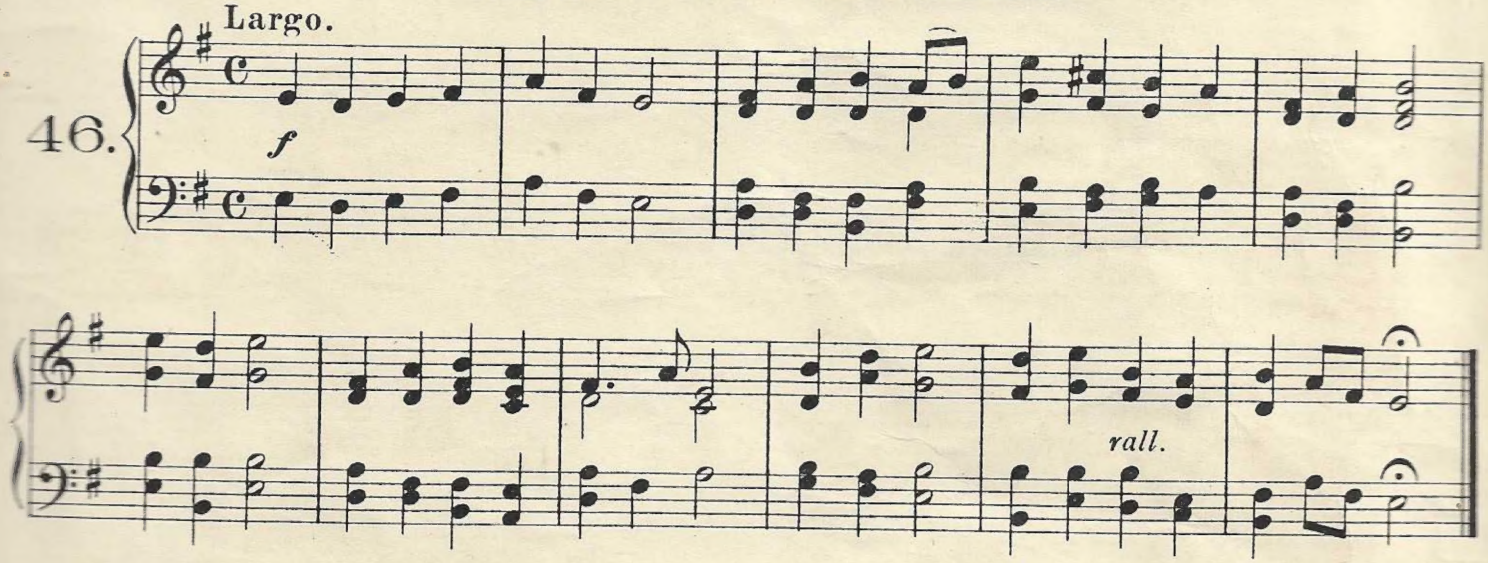


Japan.

Japanese National Anthem.

46. Largo.

f



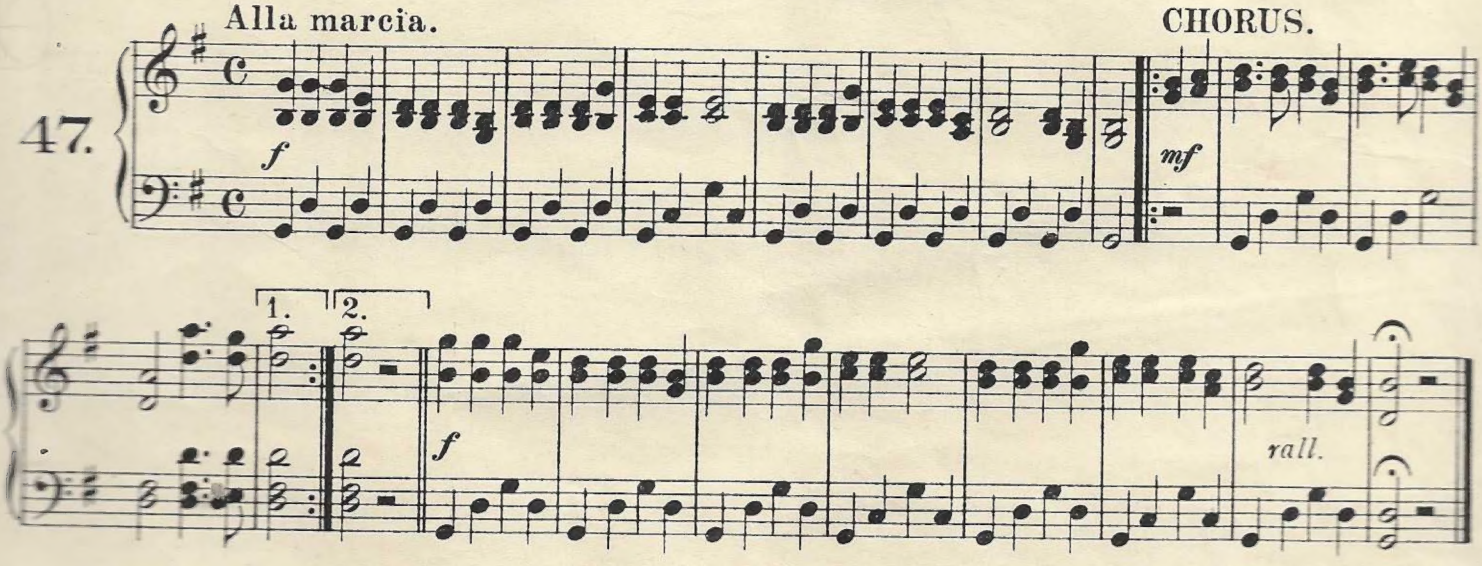
Japanese Battle March.

47. Alla marcia.

f

CHORUS.

mf

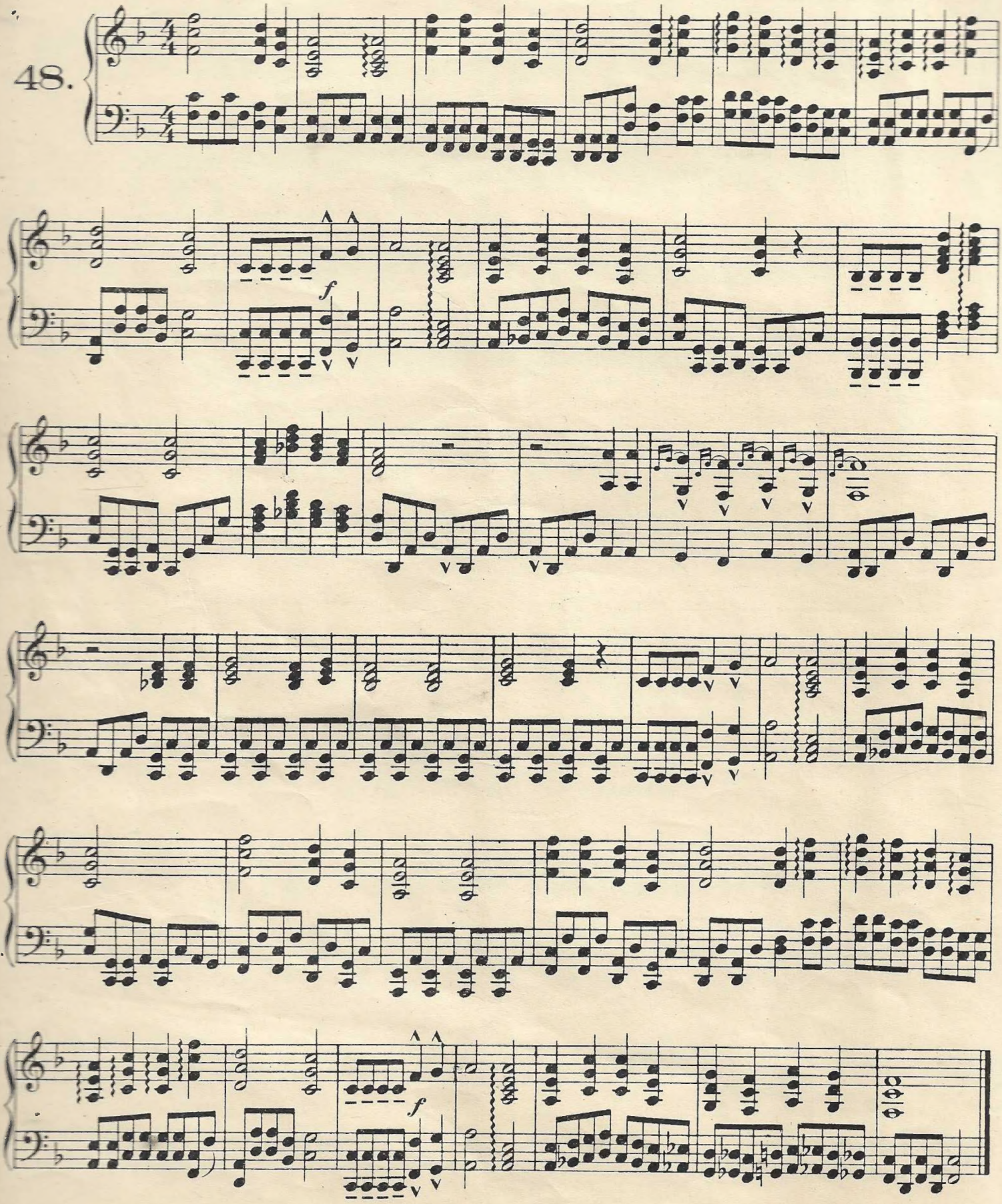


China.

Chinese Song.

Moderato.

48.



THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself who there placed it;
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
As with dew from his bright beams he graced it.
It shines through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland—
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland!

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smile can bewitch, and whose eye can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland—
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland!

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

Oh! Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round,
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground:
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep—his colour can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And says he, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women too, for wearin' o' the green!

WALES.

MEN OF HARLECH.

Fierce the beacon light is flaming,
With its tongues of fire proclaiming,
"Chieftains, sundered to your shaming,
Strongly now unite!"
At the call all Arfon rallies,
War-cries rend her hills and valleys,
Troop on troop, with headlong sallies,
Hurtle to the fight!
Chiefs lie dead and wounded,
Yet, where first 'twas grounded,
Freedom's flag still holds the crag—
Her trumpet still is sounding!
O there we'll keep her banner flying,
While the pale lips of the dying
Echo to our shout defying,
"Harlech for the right!"

ENGLAND.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes
There's none that can compare,
With a tow row row row row row,
To the British Grenadier!

Whene'er we are commanded
To storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses,
And we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis
About the enemies' ears;
Sing tow row row row row row—
The British Grenadiers!

BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

(THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.)

Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
When borne by the Red, White and Blue;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia rode safe through the storm;
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The boast of the Red, White and Blue;
The boast of the Red, White and Blue;
With her flag floating proudly before her
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:

"Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all!

Rule, Britannia! etc.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

God save our gracious King—
Long live our noble King—
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all!

J. H. LARWAY, (PROPRIETORS: EDWIN ASHDOWN LTD.) 19, Hanover Square, London, W.1

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